A. K. Mitchell

...unusual and keeping
...nequalled management
...a favorite arrangement
...e the combinations of
...to right. My friend
...for the *dogs*, used only
...hook. The barb was
...f the minnow, the hook
...middle, and part of the
...the tail which covers
...ly was good, inasmuch
...hes at the head of the
...me, however, must be

...twards four o'clock, and
...changed materially. A
...st, 'curled' the faces of
...me small fly left off' flirt-
...became shadowed with
...marked one or two large
...'*decidedly*.' The sport
...y I have not oft'n seen—
...as I could have wished
...om, whenever a puff of
...me absolutely certain
...the strap of my 'creel'
...sifted it: passed; looked
...nd the barbs of my hooks;
...my lip, with an elation—
...f the spirit, which every
...e or less intensity. The
...g are amusing and fre-
...y of the means depended
...s C———, who was fish
...n a trout of from fourteen
...nother of smaller dimen-
...rly at the same moment,
...he had something on his
...steep side of the water,
...and after a little play, it
...ut on way was to cross
...em on the shelving side.
...far as he could to avoid
...nd was just taking the
...skward depth, when the
...violent 'lurch,' as sailors
...which was old gave way,
...at and flies. The miseries
...cuts by Johnson, would be

...loping on the last leather
...the pieces of his rod, we
...some one with a rod and
...ent upon the same sport
...was an old man, but his
...face, and distinct voice,
...h was not in accordance
...s Tom Allen, the miller,
...ourse in our next number.

—Exchange.

...hom we exchange will
...rting the following Card in
...w weeks. Country Editors
...s *Newspapers* sent them
...Office, by expressing their
...to our own, by publishing
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We shall be happy to wait upon those ladies and gentlemen who desire our attendance at their respective dwellings.

New York, February 4, 1832.

TO PRINTERS & PUBLISHERS.

THE subscriber, TYPE AND STEREOTYPE FOUNDER, respectfully informs the TRADE, that he is stereotyping the following valuable works, specimen pages of which will shortly be forwarded to them, with the prices of the stereotype plates affixed to each, and also the price of the copy-right of the Treasury of Knowledge.

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A Comprehensive English Grammer, prepared for this work by Goold Brown, author of institutes of English Grammar, &c.

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The general satisfac[illegible]ster has hitherto given, and the liberal p[illegible] he has received from all parts of the Uni[illegible] will but stimulate him in his exertions to meet the wishes of his friends, and if attention, punctuality, dispatch and the strictest honor, will insure him the c[illegible]ance of their favors, he feels confi[illegible] of oblig[illegible] them and he proudly refers to the [illegible] for the future. All those wh[illegible] acquainted with Sylvester, can ref[illegible] in every section of the coun[illegible] respectable managers, Messrs Yates & M'Inty e.

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And glancing at all that is gay,
I enter'd the Room of Bardotte:
Was so charmed with what I there saw,
That I cannot but willingly draw
A *hasty* sketch of the spot.

The Room is furnished with taste,
Rich fixtures conveniently placed,
Towels of the whitest French linen,
Razors of rare silver steel,
Indeed I declare, by a deal,
'Tis the finest I ever have been in.

Bardotte, in his art to advance,
Has spent several seasons in France,
And carefully studied the graces;
He gives to the gentlemen's hair,
A genteel and elegant air,
And spirit to that of their faces.

His Italian *too*, holds a steel,
The roughest skin scarcely can feel,
It moves through the lather so soft;
And in short, to take all in all,
I'm so pleased that I surely shall call,
At his excellent Dressing Room, oft.

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H. PATTINSON.

N. B. Most of the city papers are received and kept on file. m. 10, 1831

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Costume of every Nation ready for Sale or Hire

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New-York, Jan 28, 1832.

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NEW-YORK; SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1832.

FIRST VOLUME, NUMBER 18.
THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

NEW-YORK.

Saturday Morning, April 14, 1832.

"JAW CRACKERS."—Our risibles have not unfrequently been excited by an article under this caption, which almost every time it has come under our notice, has either been introduced by some preparatory remarks by the "knights of the quill," or distrained of its fair proportions, to suit their different tastes. Who had the honor of first introducing it to the world "deponent saith not," and though intended for a'kick at the "spirit of the times," is undeniably illustrative of "life in New-York."

"'Tis true, and pity 'tis, 'tis true," that in our fair and goodly city of Gotham, there is a tribe of brainless bipeds, who make themselves supremely ridiculous by collating obsolete words, technicals' foreign quotations, &c; which they contrive to *haul in*, and introduce in their conversation, the better to enable them to pass off as *men of genteel address*. These are the fellows one may often see so unmercifully quizzed by the "knowing ones," who always expose them to excite laughter at their expense. They have a way too, of so telling you a story, that if they should happen to give an account of a man's having broke his neck you may rest assured it is nothing more than that his ancle is dislocated—for instance, take the following.

"One of these word-grubbers was informed by a friend, that a certain gentleman had fallen from his horse, and received a severe blow in the stomach, which he thought would cause a gathering. This valuable piece of news he immediately carried to the barber's shop, with a very unnecessary alteration of language; for the dealer of hard words said, that the Squire, in the fall, had received a "contusion in the abdominal parts," and it was thought that it would occasion an abscess. Friend Razor was not long possessed of the learned information, before a customer came to be shaved. The towel being tucked under his chin, and my friend Razor employed in beating up the lather, when the usual question of what news? was asked. "News," says Razor, "what aint you heard the news about the Squire?" No, answered the other: no, said Razor in surprise! "why, he fell from his horse yesterday, and received such a confusion in the abominable parts, that 'tis thought 'twill occasion his absence."

THEATRICALS.—"My Grandmother's Budget," rather an odd name for a periodical, has two clever anecdotes of distinguished actors. The Budget says it has frequently been the fashion amongst firebrand fanatics to inveigh bitterly against the Theatre and all its adherents, and indeed such instances might be named as having occurred in our own town, and that on a late splendid occasion.

"Frodsham, a cotemporary actor with Garrick, married a respectable female in Hull, who entertaining great prejudices against the stage, still had to share with him its drudgery from their limited circumstances. This lady was seen regularly every morning attending prayers at the High Church in that town, and almost as frequently in the evening at her accustomed duties at the Theatre."

The following is characteristic of the eccentric and celebrated Tate Wilkinson:

"He went to hear a charity sermon at a Methodist chapel, also in Hull, when the minister furiously declaimed against them for spending their money freely at "the devil's house," and of their chariness of it for better purposes. This nettled Tate, who, wrapping up the money that he intended to give in a piece of paper, bade the box-holder tell the minister that the "master of the devil's house sent him that, not being diverted from his original intentions by his invective and abuse."

FANCY BALL AT WASHINGTON.—The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer furnishes the editor with a "champaigne dash" of fashionable life, as it appears under the bewitching phasis of Fancy Ball. We extract a sugar plumb paragraph:

"A French fortune-teller was personated by a *belle* from Boston, who has drawn the third part of the stars in heaven after her during the last two months. She managed the character with considerable originality and skill—was witty and brilliant; she carried off towards Boston the hearts of several exquisites and *diplomatists*. Mary, Queen of Scots, was another character which was well filled—Queen Elizabeth was personated by a dashing beauty from the "great west."—*Transcript*.

SPECIMEN OF ORTHOGRAPHY.—The following is a copy, *verbatim et literatum* of a written character, given to an apprentice on sending her forth to work her way in the wide world, by a farmer residing in a parish not a half a dozen miles south of this city, and understood to be a man of considerable property:—

"***** ******** is a fearful Printes and true and fearful I never now no dis houesty as long as she was long with me she is at liberty from me to live with home she pleased."—*Exeter Flying Post.*

A MAN OF BUSINESS.—A friend of ours was in treaty with G——, the horse dealer (who died the other day,) for the purchase of a mare, but could not agree by £10. Next morning, however, making up his mind to split the difference, he posted off to the yard, when the first person he met was the groom. "Master up, Joe?" said he. "No; master be dead," said Joe "but he left word you're to have the mare.—*Sport. Mag.*

VIENNA PERIODICAL LITERATURE.—For a population of three hundred and odd thousands, the press of the Austrian capital supplies three newspapers, and ten literary publications, either weekly or monthly.

EL LOBO INGLEZ.—In the year 1817 some peasants had found in a wood near Fuentes a wolf's cub, so young that it could not yet walk, and had carried it into Fuentes and sold it to an English officer, who imagined that he could rear and tame it, and for that purpose carried it about on his baggage wherever the regiment that he belonged to marched. The cub thus *feted* and attended to, grew apace, and soon arrived at wolf-hood, daily displaying more of those propensities which have filled the fables of Æsop with the vagaries of his ancestors. At length his foster father found it necessary to curb his frolics by securing his person with a brass collar and iron chain; a restraint which he resented with the spirit of a genuine son of freedom. From this time an estrangement arose between the Englishman and his wolf; daily peccadilloes on the one part and chastisements on the other widened the breach between them, till they who had begun by being good friends were become sworn enemies. One day, as the officer was about to punish *Senor Lobo* for snapping up his last head of poultry, the latter suddenly broke his tramels and regained his liberty. Rewards were offered for his apprehension, and allurements were held out to entice him home; but he preferred the haunts of his family, and declined all further intercourse with his Anglo protector. I visited Fuentes six years afterwards, and the wolf was still in existence, and had become well known to the peasantry of the surrounding country by the name of *el Lobo Inglez* (the English wolf.) He had grown to an enormous size, and what will appear far more extraordinary, the brass collar was still about his neck, with a part of the iron chain attached to it. With instinct not wholly confined to wolves, he often visited in the dead hour of night the scene of his cubhood, and scared the lonely cottagers by the clinking of his chain. His early habits had taught him to be more familiar with the haunts of man than his race in general considered prudent; yet his visits to the fold, the piggery, and the poultry yard had been conducted with so much sagacity that no opportunity had been found to shoot him. A man who had occasion to leave my quarters a little after midnight came running back in a sad fright, exclaiming as he ran, "El Lobo Inglez! El Lobo Inglez!" He had seen the wolf close upon him in the street and being unarmed and alone, had very properly ran away. We sallied out to the number of eight or ten, armed with prongs and pitchforks, determined to teach him better manners at his peril; but honor was not his object; his was a predatory incursion, and we soon found, by the squeaking of a farmer's pigs, that he had succeeded in carrying off one of them. My family resided at a quinta a few miles from Fuentes, and often turned their evening's promenade towards the road by which I might be expected to come. They usually made to a little fountain at the foot of a rock, where after taking a few minutes rest, they would, if I came not up in the time, engrave on the sand the initials of their names, and set up a bough plucked from a neighboring [illegible], to call my attention to the spot, and then return towards the quinta. One evening, about sunset, I came to the fountain, and on finding my family had not been there, I passed onward towards the quinta, and presently saw a handkerchief lying on the road, near which I observed the trace of the foot steps of my wife and children in the sand; they had evidently been walking towards the fountain, and had returned in a running pace, which coupled with the finding of the handkerchief, convinced me that something unexpected had alarmed them. I put spurs to my horse and soon overtook them all safe at the quinta gate. They had seen the wolf descending a precipitous craggy hill directly towards them, and not more than thirty yards from the group. A general scamper ensued, Mrs. ——— covering the retreat of the children and of an English man-servant, who was the first to make off. Senor Lobo, however, had other prey in view; immediately below his line of descent was a valley, in which the village flock of sheep were pasturing; he descended in an instant into the road, leaped the low stone wall, and disappeared for a moment among the rocks below. Presently the out cry of the shepherd indicated his attack; he had seized a sheep, which he carried off in despite of both shepherd and dogs. On another occasion the village was alarmed by the outcries of a woman who was keeping a few sheep in an adjoining field. I ran amongst others, to know what might be the matter, and on enquiring of the woman, "Senor!" exclaimed she, with a mixture of terror and indignation in her countenance, "*il maldito Inglez me ha llevado dos corderitos meos;*" "the cursed Englishman has carried away two of my lambkins."—*United Service Journal.*

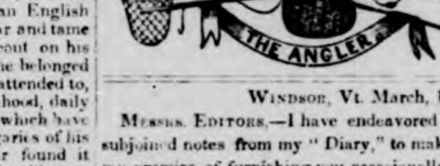
The Countess of Orkney died lately, at the advanced age of 76. She was the daughter of Marrough, fifth Earl of Inchiquin, and first Marquis of Thomond, by Mary, Countess of Orkney in her own right, of whom the following curious anecdote is related. She was deaf and dumb, and was married in 1753, by signs. She lived with her husband, who was also her first cousin, at his seat Rostellas, on the harbor of Cork. Shortly after the birth of her first child (the lady lately deceased) the nurse, with considerable astonishment, saw the mother cautiously approach the cradle in which the infant was sleeping, evidently full of some deep design. The countess having perfectly assured herself that the child slept, exposed an immense stone which she had concealed under her shawl, and to the horror of the nurse, who like all persons of the lower orders in her country, indeed in most countries, was fully impressed with an idea of the peculiar cunning and malignity of "dumbies," lifted it with an intent to throw it down vehemently. Before the nurse could interpose, the countess had flung the stone, not, however, as the servant had apprehended, at the child, but on the floor, where, of course, it made a great noise. The child immediately awoke, and cried. The countess, who had looked with maternal eagerness to the result of her experiment fell on her knees in a transport of joy. She had discovered that her child possessed the sense that was wanting in herself.—*Parisian Gem.*

POETRY.—A rhymster, of the "Lake School," has concocted a Poem on the present prospect and future destiny of Indiana, and published the same in the Northwestern Pioneer newspaper. A New Jersey paper quotes the following as a fair sample of the whole:

"And can we not justly anticipate
When steam boats and rail roads will be in operation,
(It assuredly can be at no distent date,)
Enriching our State and extending our intercourse o'er the Nation."

This effusion should be sent to London for republication, as has now become the fashion among our *native* poets. The above extract is not a whit behind an English production, put forth not many years since, from which is extracted the following *couplet*:

"Was not Pharaoh a saucy rascal,
Not to suffer the children of Israel, their wives and their little ones, to go over the river to eat the Paschal?"—*N. Y. Eve. Journal.*



WINDSOR, Vt. March, 1832.

MESSRS. EDITORS,—I have endeavored in the subjoined notes from my "Diary," to make good my promise of furnishing you occasionally with the result of my piscatory peregrinations. I have written it hastily, which you will excuse, and if worthy a place, you may publish it, though intended for your private ear. I think this sport will hardly compare with "Trouting," yet as some of your readers, perhaps may be "odd fish," it will possibly interest them. J. C. Jr.

PICKEREL FISHING.

Having a day's leisure, I *hatched* up a company of the followers of "old Izaak," to go to Enfield Pond, N. H. to try our luck at taking Pickerel through the ice. Luckily, I found the "Dr." and "F. P." *up to the thing*, and having over night laid our plans for an early start, we got ready our skates, tackle, &c. to be in readiness at the hour. Morning came, and found us on our way, in P.'s double sleigh, with the two ten *milers* you wot of, and we reached "Willis's" just in time to set down to his usual incomparable breakfast. Our host, the most celebrated angler in New-Hampshire, offered us his company for the day's sport, it being a fine one, which was joyfully accepted, not only for his superior knowledge of localities, and the *lucky holes*, but from his inexhaustible fund of wit and anecdote. Many is the time I have envied him his splendid hotel on the border of the lake, whence he may sally out whenever disposed and take in a few minutes a string that would not disgrace "Jack Crane" himself. But as it is, no one is more worthy of it, than himself; long life to him and his. I can say with a deal more of pleasure than of the old fellow "what keeps the mill," at Sharon Falls, Vt. who, you recollect, always "hoisted the gate" to spoil our fishing—wo be to him.

The pond for an extent of several miles, was covered with a beautiful sheet of ice, and it having for a few days past, been pleasant weather, the [illegible] up thick enough to [illegible] much new opening. After preparing these with our chisel, we fastened our lines securely to a bush set firmly in the ice, which answers the double purpose of securing the line, and giving note when the fish takes the bait. (This is done by tying the line to the bottom of the bush and then passing it over the top; when a fish bites it will of course cause the bush to shake—by which one knows when to pull up.) We took each of us five holes, about six rods apart, and after *setting* our hooks, baited with speckled *shiners*, we put on our skates to better enable us to tend them. It will be recollected that the ice was glare, and without them one *stood* a fair chance to get a *fall*. This method is objected to by some, who pretend the pickerel are frightened by the skates, but I am inclined to think otherwise; besides, it is such fine sport that I could not think of dispensing with them.

We had promised ourselves rare luck, already had our worthy host pulled up a "screamer," and and from a distance I beheld a *bite*. One of my bushes was *bobbing* most gloriously. I sprang forward to reach it, before he might alter his mind and had the satisfaction to find him on my arrival *hooked*. With what feelings of gratulation did I draw him gently up "hand over fist," as a Nantucket whaleman would say; far down in the blue depths below, could I see his silvery sine and panting gills; with one jerk, out I slapped him on the ice. He was a rare one; none of your lean, ugly looking chaps, who lay as still when caught as a "gone sucker," put a *roarer*, full of fun and frolic. How finely he took a *pigeon wing*, with his tail; and how like a *mad clam* did he open his capacious gullet. I was not long in putting down another bait, and let me assure you, I was not to be seen far from the scene of action in a hurry. In the course of two hours I numbered *nine*, weighing on an average, 2 1-2 lbs. and the "brethren" had equal good sport.

The sun by this time had passed the meridian, and it was proposed to take a lunch; well you know how gratefully the sound of that word breaks on the *stomach* of an angler. Seldom has it fallen to the lot even of a disburser of rations to behold so swift and awful destruction of "cold victuals." Ham, beef, and other *solids* were reckoned as small fare, while chicken's legs and cold tongue, were counted as na[illegible] fearful inroads were made on a cold turkey, [illegible] cruse of *aqua vitæ*, had actually taken leave of absence.

We again set to, and with the aid of our forenoon's experience, succeeded in taking a number more. In fact the day being *fair*, and we being pretty *fair* knights of the rod, with good *fare* to sustain us, it is to be wondered that we had *fair* sport. We had together taken about fifty, the largest of which, caught by the "Dr." weighed very nearly four pounds. None were taken weighing less than a pound.

Long ere the sun had "made a glorious set," we drew our lines, and started for the hotel, and after partaking of an excellent dinner, composed in part of our own *spoils*, we set out for Windsor. Cheerily we sung the old *catch* of "A fisherman's luck," and with the accompaniment of four strings of sleigh bells, our "performance went off with as great applause, [and afforded as much satisfaction to ourselves,] as those of your *prima donna*, Mrs. Austin, or "the fascinating Mrs. Keppel."

Our season for "Trouting" soon commences when I will endeavor to send you more notes from my "Diary." I am in hopes to make a visit to the White Hills this Spring; if this should be the case, you may depend on having an account of "Trout Fishing," in Franconia Lake.

Ever Yours,
JACK CRANE, Jr.

THE TITHE PIG.

The following hoax, lately played on a reverend gentleman residing in a neighbouring country, better known for his love of the good things of this world than for his "longing after immortality," has excited considerable mirth, and is told as a fact, with great glee, by the lovers of fun. Mr. B., a regular church-going farmer, anxious to secure the good will of his reverend pastor, selected the best roaster his stye afforded, and sent it to him by a man well known in the neighborhood by the significant appellation of "Foolish Jack." Jack, highly delighted with his task, put the young pig into a bag, and set out with his burthen with a glad heart, in anticipation of the welcome he should have at the rectory. He was no churl, and could not confine within his own breast the pleasure he felt, but hastily communicated the purport of his mission to every friend he met. Passing by the house of a benefactor Mr. G. who was standing at the door, Jack could not resist the gratification of telling him that he had a tithe-pig in his bag for the parson. Mr. G. had no sooner heard Jack's tale, than the wicked thought of hoaxing the Rev. Gentleman entered his head, and he accordingly invited Jack into his house to take a cup of beer. Jack accepted the invitation, and placing his bag containing the pig in the porch, went into the house. While Jack was regaling himself in the kitchen, Mr. G. speedily accomplished his waggish purpose by taking the roaster out of Jack's bag, and putting into its place a young dog. Jack soon returned to his charge, and hastily shouldering his load, made the best of his way to the rectory, where he soon arrived; and knocking at the jolly priest's door, gained admittance. The nature of Jack's mission was no sooner made known than the worthy Rector stood before him, anxious to behold the prize. Jack equally anxious to gratify his desire, quickly untied his bag and tumbled out—to the chagrin of the Parson and the terror and confusion of poor Jack—a young dog. Jack was breathless with amazement, and the Rector raged and threatened the immediate punishment of poor Jack, and vowed vengeance towards the farmer. In vain Jack declared it was a pig when he put it into the bag; the Rector was implacable, and to avoid chastisement Jack had to depart from the rectory in haste. The transformation was too much for poor Jack. He was nearly overcome, and could scarcely sustain his load when he returned to Mr. G.'s, to whom he told his astonishing tale with a woeful countenance, who again invited him to cool his parched lips with some beer. Placing his bag, as before, in the porch, Jack entered the house, and revived his drooping spirits with a cup of ale. Meanwhile Mr. G. took his young dog out of the bag and replaced the pig therein. A little refreshed, Jack then shouldered his bag and returned to the farmer's quiet chopfallen, and entered the house almost lifeless. He told his horrible tale of the pig being turned into a dog when he reached the parson's, and, to confirm, as he supposed, the truth of his narrative, he again emptied the contents of the bag, when lo! to the still greater horror of poor Jack, the pig came out. The farmer was more enraged than the Rector—Jack's protestations of its being a dog at the parson's were in vain. The farmer vowed he should instantly take a track, and he would flog him besides; and was about to put his threat in execution, when the Rector's man arrived with a note from his master, demanding the immediate attendance of the farmer at the rectory, to make an apology for the insult given to him, in sending him a dog instead of a pig. The farmer and his family were now more confounded and terrified than poor Jack. They were all amazed, and looked upon the transformation as a miracle. The story was buzzed about, and pronounced by the credulous as a judgment upon the Rector for his inordinate love of tithe pigs.—*Liverpool Chronicle.*

From the Athenæum.

TO SPENCER PERCEVAL, ESQ. M. P.
BY THOMAS HOOD

Oh, Mr. Spencer
I mean no offence, Sir,
Retrencher of each trencher, man or woman's,
Maker of days of ember,
Eloquent member
Of the House of Com—I mean to say Short Commons,
Thou long Tom Coffin singing out, 'Hold Fast—Avast!'
O, Mr. Perceval! I'll bet a dollar, a
Great growth of cholera,
And new deaths reckon'd,
Will mark the Lenten Twenty first and second.
The best of our physicians, when they con it,
Depose the malady is in the air;
Oh, Mr. Spencer! if the ill is there—
Why should you bid the people live upon it?

Why should you make dire inroads against courses,
While doctors, in each they bid us rub and chafe,
Declare of all resources,
The man is safest who gets in the safe?
And yet you bid poor suicidal sinners
Discard their dinners.

Thorough how heavy a stone will look upon't
For man to dine as wan only of want?

By way of a variety,
Think of the ineffectual piety
Of London's Bishop, at St. Faith's or Bride's,
Lecturing such emaciated insides,
Only to find
He's preaching to the wind.

Whatever others do, or don't,
I cannot, dare not, must not fast, and won't,
Unless by main[?] your day you let me keep,
And fast asleep;
My constitution can't obey such censure,
I must have meat
Three times a day to eat;
My health's of such a sort,
To say the truth in short,
The coats of my stomach are not Spencers.

It will be remembered that Mr. Perceval is the gentleman who brought up before Parliament the motion for a general Fast day.

WHAT'S IN A NAME.—A woman was carried before the Police Court, charged with stealing a piece of cotton shirting from a shop window in Washington street. On being asked her name she replied *Miss Nevergood*, declining to give her christian name, as the family was so extensive. Her unfortunate propensity cost her $9.—*Boston Transcript.*

SUNDRY MISERIES AND THE MISERY OF "SUNDRIES."

——"Quæque ipse miserrima vidi
Et quorum pars magna fui."—VIR.
"All which dire miseries I saw and shared."

On the fifth day of September, in the year of 18—, a fortnight after I had graduated at Harvard University, I resolved, previously to commencing my studies with an eminent lawyer, to devote a week to rational recreation: that is, to the destruction of such woodcocks, patridges and quails, as the sagacity of my dog Ponto might discover in meadow, wood or swamp.—I accordingly provided myself with a box of percussion caps, a pound of Dupont's best powder, of which *report* (P. P. F. Degrand's) had spoken highly, and a bag of shot. Alas, what miseries do we encounter in the pursuit of pleasure! Mine commenced ere I started on my projected expedition. A pair of shooting shoes or boots, were still want-ing to complete my equipment for the field. Of all handy-craftsmen, shoemakers are notoriously the most dilatory and deceptive. The necessity of being *rough shod* had not occurred to me until I had taken places for the following day, in the Worcester Accommodation, or rather in the coach box thereof, for myself and Ponto, and I knew that no shoemaker would prepare the needful in due time, faithful promises to the contrary notwithstanding. The ready made shoe stores would have removed all difficulties, in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand; but, unfortunately, mine was that small fraction of a thousand, and my feet, the latter more particularly, are considerably over the common size. Twenty shops and more were explored and nothing exceeding *long tens* could be discovered—I required *short twelves*. At length I applied at Faxon's celebrated warehouse where a boot, little less than those of *seven league* renown, which was exhibited at the door, excited the most favorable expectations, but all the consolation I here obtained was the very satisfactory intelligence, that the last pair of the required dimensions had just been purchased by an "outsized" Englishman. Thus all my exertions proved *bootless*!—However, determined not to yield to trifles, I returned to my lodgings and selected from my scanty stock a pair of boots which, though they had seen some service, and were originally rather elegant than strong, appeared to be in very tolerable condition; these with a pair of brown slippers I crammed into the upper apartment of my valise; the lower being occupied by my ammunition, 1 blue coat, my best pair of black kerseymere pantaloons, a white waistcoat, 1 pair of black silk socks, a white cravat, 2 sport shirts and a pocket handkerchief. The five first articles of outward adornment I thought it prudent to provide, in case of a chance invitation from any one who might be fascinated with my person or dazzled by my talents. A pocket *Juvenal* was not forgotten; this, methought, if left upon my dressing table might procure me the reputation of a scholar, and would at any rate be useful if wadding should be scarce. All being thus prepared, at the appointed hour with my valise and a rope to which Ponto was attached, in one hand, and my double barrel gun in the other, I proceeded to Hanover street, where I found the stage ready to start. I lifted Ponto, maugre his repugnant whine and struggles, to the coachbox, and off we went, nine inside passengers, the coachman, Ponto and myself, at the astonishing rate of five miles per hour.

The weather having for some days been sultry, I had arrayed myself in my lightest and coolest shooting habiliments. When we had gotten fairly off the stones, our spirits and the dust arose simultaneously. The coachman, a very intelligent person, wagged his tongue most amusingly, Ponto wagged his tail, and, being a bit of a wag myself, I recounted some of my college anecdotes. Never was a tour commenced under more favorable auspices; all was mirth and sunshine until we reached Sudbury meadows, but we had scarcely passed their sedgy confines when a malicious cloud, which had hung for several minutes over our devoted heads, as if attentive to our frequent jokes, could contain itself no longer, and—(a graduate must be allowed a few quotations, which shall, however be most literally translated, for the benefit of the uninitiated.)

——"Ruit arduus æther,
Et pluvia ingenti sata læta, boumque labores
Diluit."—VIRGIL.
"Rain fell in torrents, drenching us to the skin—
And puppies, drenched with water, nearly drown'd."
ANON.

Including of course poor Ponto, who was then but a puppy. Nor was his hapless master in a more enviable predicament. My pantaloons having been converted into *cross-bars*, my shoes absolutely overflowed: and when we reached Marlborough I was as humid as if I had swam all the way from Boston. We stopped at Gates's Hotel, but being not only wet but *dry*, I hastened to the bar, forgetting, in my hurry to escape from the storm, poor Ponto; a dismal howl, however, soon recalled him to my recollection, and I hastened to the coach, to the box of which his halter was attached. I found him in a most horrid state of suspense, for, having attempted to leap from the coach box, his progress towards terra firma had been suddenly arrested; and he was dangling in the air between heaven and earth—life and death. I instantly drew my knife from my pocket,

"Spoilt a good rope and down dropt *Ponto*."

Heartily sick of my journey, I inquired if there were any snug little tavern between Marlborough and Worcester where I and Ponto might fix our head quarters, and learnt with much satisfaction, that such an one was located a few miles farther on, where, to my great joy, the coach dropped me, Ponto, &c. at 3 o'clock, P. M.—I entered a small dark room, one corner of which was partitioned off and formed, (as half a dozen cracked and dusty decanters containing smoky villainous compounds, evinced,) what was, like myself, *ra[ther] wanted for the bar*. Not a living soul was visible, for cats although they have nine lives, are *not* [illegible]. Alas! the unfortunate kitten which was the sole occupant of this dismal chamber, must have previously lost eight of her existences, for in less than half a minute, Ponto who had an antipathy to the feline race, deprived her of all that remained—this he effected with more despatch than silence, and the noise of strife alarmed the inmates of an inner apartment who rushed into my presence. They consisted of an old woman, a maiden of doubtful age, and a sturdy looking domestic, all clad in their washing day suits. Their already [illegible]. The murdered cat was the favorite of Miss Deborah, who swooned away when she discovered the dire catastrophe exhibi[ting] terrific admixture of grief and rage. "Call the Bos! Call the Bos!" exclaimed she, in a thin shrill voice, and then with a desperate speed approached a broomstick, (which age or hard work had rendered bald,) but whether with the intent of applying it to my head or Ponto's back, I did not want to ascertain,

"Natura quæ furens quid femina possit."
"Knowing what furious angry women were."

I seized my valise and gun, whistled to Ponto, and rushed to the door, near which, to my dismay, I encountered *Bos*, who had learnt the horrid crime of Ponto, from the enraged domestic. "I guess you ar'nt off so d——d quick!" cried he, aiming his fist so violently at my proboscis that I deemed it prudent in self defence, to anticipate the salute by one of a similar description, and

"Procumbit humi Bos."
"Down went Bos."

I then "cleared out," in double quick time—

"The world was all before me—where to choose a place of rest."

But no place of rest, in the immediate vicinity, was come-at-able. I hurried on, three or four miles, when a turn of the road displayed to my joyful eyes a golden ball suspended from a gibbet, which gave promise of "good entertainment for man and beast." For fear of another accident, I attached a pocket handkerchief to Ponto's collar, and led him to the inn, in the bar of which some honest teamsters were smoking their cigars and sipping their grog. The landlord, appeared to be civil and attentive, and lest the enemy should pursue me and misrepresent what had happened, I communicated to him all the facts of the case, which marvellously excited the merriment of my auditor; for the misfortune had occurred at an *opposition house*. Fortunately a sitting room, with a bed chamber adjoining, were vacant, and these with board, I engaged for a week, at the moderate charge of five dollars.—Now thought I

"My woes are ended, and my joys began."

But, as the sequel will show, I was grievously mistaken. It was too late for dinner, I therefore, ordered tea early, and expressed a wish that it should be accompanied by a boiled fowl. The screams of a devoted rooster, when I soon after saw the stable boy pursuing and assaulting with sticks and stones, convinced me that my wish would be gratified. After I had waited "a good hour by Shrewsbury clock," the executioner of the aforesaid rooster entered to prepare the funeral obsequies.—A coarse table cloth, not quite immaculate, was duly spread, on which were successively deposited, a spoonless mustard pot, the contents of which had been previously exhausted, save only a desiccated portion thereof which had attached itself, like an adhesive plaster, to its sides and bottom. An earthen ware salt cellar, containing some gravy stained salt, spotted with yellow, which showed that the mustard in the afore said pot had once been in a fluid state, and that the same spoon [illegible] performed the [illegible] of the common duties of salt and mustard spoon. A white saucer, filled with sliced yellow pickled cucumbers—a small plate of cranberries, stewed in molasses—a pitcher three parts full, but whether of cider or vinegar I could not decide—a dingy tumbler—an undersized knife, somewhat rusty, and a two pronged fork of very equivocal construction, being

"In size too large to suit the table,
Too small to fit it for the stable."

Indeed it was difficult to determine whether it had been originally intended for the dining room or the hayloft. All these being arranged "*de trop sceaux*," dipped toast, a mixture of bread crumbs and sugar in a blue and white basin, a cup of really good tea, a mug of milk and the boiled, or rather burnt fowl, deluged in grease, with legs and thighs half spread half perpendicular, that is forming an angle of forty-five degrees, with the plan of the horison in due time appeared and I and Ponto shared the lascivious feast," not equally, however, for his jaws overcame difficulties which mine essayed in vain. It would be tedious to recount intervening circumstances. I shall, therefore, pass over all that occurred previously to the early hour when I and my canine companion repaired to our bed chamber, which was very decently furnished. A large white basin, a brown pitcher of corresponding dimensions, and a square of yellow soap which adorned a wash stand, were placed in immediate requisition. Having finished my ablutionary rites, I extinguished my large glass lamp, which contained about half a pint of whale oil, placed it on the wash stand, and jumped into bed, under which Ponto sympathetically crept. Fatigue soon closed my eyes, and I was anticipating, in a most delicious dream, my projected triumphs o'er the feathered race, when I was suddenly awakened by the before mentioned stable boy, who was pursuing the screaming chamber-maid up the adjacent stairs with all the agility of a *bull calf*. I borrow this appropriate simile from my friend Juvenal, who says,

"Tardior ipsa vacca decurrens vitulus."
"With speed the aged bullock hastes along."

See Burges' "velox" vaco per culo: for it is evident that the ingenious poet intended to blend in one compound word two beautiful rhetorical figures, "veal" signifying, by metonomy a *calf*, and [illegible] by [illegible] a *bull*. The coy galatea having as I presumed, been easily overtaken, the noise soon ceased, and I again fell into a profound sleep, from which, however, I was too speedily aroused by a tremendous crash. Methought the house was falling, and jumping out of bed, my feet immersed in soap suds and whale oil, slid from under me, and prone I fell in the midst of the heterogeneous and malodorous mixture. I called lustily for assistance; luckily the family were yet undressed—the crash and my voice were heard, and many mingled voices rapidly approached my door. Mr. My suggested the impropriety of receiving female visitors in my night dress, and forgetting the effect which dirty soap suds and rancid oil with which my person was plentifully lubricated, would probably produce upon clean white sheets, I sprang back into bed, and thus concealed a part of my disasters. The landlord, his wife, the chamber-maid and stable boy, armed with lamps and bludgeons, simultaneously entered, when it was discovered that Ponto, being thirsty, and shrewdly conjecturing that a pitcher of water was a customary concomitant of washing apparatus had, in the hopes of enjoying a cooling draught, placed his fore paws upon the top of the stand, the *vis inertia* of which was overcome by his superincumbent weight, and the machine with its contents overthrown, and spilt and shattered. The accident thus clearly if not satisfactorily explained, my visitors withdrew, and having washed and unsoiled my skin, and extracted a large fragment of the broken lamp which had pierced the fleshy part of my person that had been in closest contact with the floor,

"Once more sought refuge in the arms of sleep."

Oh that my miseries had ended here! I must however postpone till next week the narration of these [illegible] many? have yet detailed, which [illegible] and marred my sporting excursion.

In the meantime I remain sir,
Respectfully yours,
N. E. Galaxy. NEHEMIAH NIMROD.

A countryman was once looking at some fine English rifles, and expressing his admiration at the beautiful and highly polished weapons. The gentleman who owned them told him that they were to be sure all very fine, and were all *cast*—stock, lock and barrel! The devil they are, says Hodge. Oh yes, replied the gentleman, and for a dollar more they cast 'em *ready loaded*.

☞ Subscriptions, Communications, &c. for this paper, received by Messrs. Peabody & Co No. 233 Broadway, adjoining the American Hotel

FOREIGN SELECTIONS.

GENTLEMEN'S FASHIONS for MARCH.

Walking Dress.—A blue dress coat, with very small gilt buttons, blue velvet collar, skirts without flaps and lined with silk serge. Waistcoat single-breasted, with square end collar, and lapelles turned back. Trowsers of chequered kerseymere, buttoned up in front with two rows of black braid up the side seams.

Travelling Cloak.—A travelling cloak of chequered gambroon, lined through with scarlet padua, and faced down the front with sable fur about nine inches in width; the collar is eight inches in width, and is of the same fur; the cape is detached, made to button at the collar behind; it has a small strap and buckle in front; this is an excellent contrivance, as it is a perfect walking cloak without the cape, and, with the cape attached, makes a complete roquelaur, and supersedes the necessity of a box coat. The trowsers are exhibited at the bottom to show a new idea, in the *Yates* tongue; it has three buttons on the instep, which, when unbuttoned, admit the foot without the strap being made to take on and off.

Riding or Walking Dress.—A green Harrington frock, double-breasted, with full rolling collar, the turnover of which is of minx fur; the cuffs are of the same, and the edges bound with it.

Evening Dress.—A milled drab-brown great coat, the edges are made up raw or swelled; a trimming braid is then run on at about a quarter of an inch from the edge; the pockets are put in with a velt nearly perpandicular, and in the French manner, viz.—half and half.

Robbery of a Lawyer.—On Tuesday the following robbery was perpetrated in the Bankrupt Court, Basinghall-street:

Mr. Franklyn, Solicitor of Barnet, attended with a country client, who was to be examined. On taking his seat on the form opposite the commissioners, he placed his great coat under him. In a few minutes afterwards, having occasion to rise to address the commissioners, he found that the coat on which he had recently made a *settlement*, was *drawn* (away) by some loitering *conveyancer*. This manœuvre was the work of a moment—in fact, there never was a *deed* so quickly *executed*. That it was irregularly *assigned*, and that it was *sealed*, was evident; but to whom it was *delivered*, no deponent could be found to declare.—*Eng. paper.*

Hans Sack was born in Nuremberg in 1494; he was taught the trade of a shoemaker, and acquired a bare rudimental education, reading and writing; not being instructed by the master singers of those days in the praiseworthy art of poetry, he at 14 began the practice and continued to make verses, and shoes, and plays, and pumps, boots and books, until the 77th year of his age. At this time he took an inventory of his poetical stock in trade, and found, according to his own narrative, that his works filled 32 volumes! all written with his own hand, and consisting of 4,200 mastership songs, 208 comedies, tragedies, and farces, (some of which extended to seven acts,) 1700 fables, and miscellanious poems, and 73 devotional, military, and love songs; making a total of 6,048 pieces, great and small; out of these he culled as many as filled three massy folios, which were published in the years 1553–61, and another edition being called for he increased it to six volumes folio by an abridgement of his other works.

An advertisement lately appeared in the Dublin Evening Post, headed "Iron Bedsteads and *Bedding!*" We suppose, according to the latter term, that the linen is of *sheet-iron*.

An Impostor, named Barnet, alias Stemling, had been arrested in London for falsely accusing some persons of attempting to Burke him. It appeared that in 1829, he accused two men and a woman of a similar intent, and that through his testimony, they were all convicted, and the men ordered for execution, and the women to be transported. A few hours only before their execution, they were respited in consequence of some disclosures, and subsequently discharged.

Oriental Amusements.—Among the amusements prepared for Lord E. Bentinck, the Governor General of India, during a recent tour in the province of Oude, was to have been a combat between a wild horse and a tiger, which, at the especial request of Lady Bentinck, did not take place. It should be added, however, that upon two previous occasions the horse in question had come off victorious.

The Bittern has become a more frequent visitter in the water season to our mosses and marshes; last year we gave account of several having been shot. On Wednesday last, a very fine one was killed by Mr. Robert Simpson, of the Gill, on Underdarrow-moss: it was as large as any we have seen, and in plumage exceedingly beautiful.—*Westmoreland Gazette.*

'Nature, Sir, nature,' observed a first-rate ornamenter of the hair, quickly rubbing his hands, in order to dissolve a knob of bear's grease which he held between them, "she defies the power of man to set her laws aside!' And rest assured this grease, which has manured and then matured the hair on the bear's back, will perform the self-same office on your head.' 'He's right, Sir, he's right, quite right, I can assure you,' said a wag then standing by, 'for I well know a friend of mine who was quite bald, and in mistake was sold a pot of goose-grease. This he applied, and in a little time his head was covered o'er and o'er—ay, every bit of it, with feathers!'—*Liver. Cour.*

A hare was shot last week, on the estate of Hoddam, and gifted to a gentleman in this town, which weighed full 11lbs. This is the largest Annandale hare we ever heard of. Even 9lbs. is accounted an unusual weight for a hare, and it is a curious fact in natural history, that the Manx hares are the largest in the world. Occasionally mawkins have been shot in the Isle of Man that weighed upwards of 12lbs.—at least, so say certain works on natural history.—*Dumfries Cour.*

A gold fish, the property of a lady in the vicinity of this town, expired a few days ago, after undergoing a complete change of hue, having assumed a blue and then a black color immediately preceding death.—*Sunderland Herald.*

A witness at the last Old Bailey Sessions, who said that he was a *solicitor* by profession, turned out on his cross-examination to be a *common beggar!*

An exchange of presents is taking place between Russia and the Ottoman Porte. A state carriage with six horses, taken from the principal studs in Russia, and the beautiful harness of morocco embroidered in gold, part of the presents destined by the Emperor Nicholas to the Sultan, arrived at Constantinople on the 26th of September. The latter, on being informed of their arrival, offered M. Yermoloff, who is charged with these presents, a large house on the shores of the Bosphorus, near the Sultan's summer palace, where the Turkish authorities are to supply him with every thing necessary. M. Yermoloff has also received from the Sultan a rich snuff-box.—*French paper.*

An Irishman who sometime ago was committed to Knutsford House of correction for misdemeanor, and sentenced to work on the tread-wheel for a month, observed, at the expiration of his task, "What a great deal of fatage and botheration it would have saved us poor cratures if they had but invented it to go by stame, like all other water mills; for d—— burn me, if I hav'nt been going up stairs for four wakes, but niver could reach the chamber door at all, at all!"

EDITORIAL ARTICLES.

Mr. McKenzie. Editors, poor fellows, all over the world seem to be getting at present, with some exceptions, "more kicks than coppers." The subject of this paragraph (the Editor of the Colonial Advocate,) who has so many times been elected and as frequently rejected by the Provincial Parliament of Upper Canada is an instance.—He seems to be the leader of a party in Canada, who would be glad to again act over the "three days of July" in Paris; he is no doubt a man of great talent, and has been deputed by his party to be the bearer of despatches, petitions, &c. to the British Court.

The *Freeman*, (opposition,) has the following notice of him, which shows pretty clearly the state of public opinion in the Province.

McKenzie attempted to get up another monkey show at Hamilton, on Monday last, but the rotten eggs, we hear, flew in such showers about the red wig, that he had to fly in disgrace and discomfiture. After the flight of the little man, we hear that Caleb Hopkins, the old saddlebag member, attempted to speak when some pretty wag in the crowd broke the thread of his story by landing the butt of a large hen egg between his teeth! This closed the mouths of the grievance mongers, and as they saw a disposition to pay them a few more rough compliments they fled out of town in all directons.

P. S. I hear that poor McKenzie was grievously handled by some wight into whose hands he fell after night, in this town, and that his *os frontis*, in consequence, exhibits strong marks of radical form, in colors which form a lively contrast with that of the gingerbread medal.

The Colonial Advocate of the 22d of March says,

"A daring attempt was made to murder Mr McKenzie at Hamilton during the night of Monday last. The intended assassins are nearly all known, and belong to the same class with the perpetrators of the former Gore outrage."

Murder. In our last No. we noticed a women named Catharine Jane Taylor, aged about 30, was found murdered in the wood adjacent to Po'keepsie; the following additional particulars we find in the Po'keepsie Telegraph—

On the afternoon of Sunday, she remarked that she would walk towards the river and gather winter greens; and tying a handkerchief on her head, proceeded. Evening came and she did not return. In the morning the family made search for her in the direction she was supposed to have taken but without success. About 11 o'clock two black men from this village, on a gunning excursion, discovered her body. She was found lying on her back, and near her were a couple of bundles of greens she had apparently carried in her hands. The ground was not much disturbed around her, but it was evident she had been drawn by her feet some distance to the place where she was found. The body was brought to this village and a coroner's jury assembled. It was evident from the examination of the body by physicians, that she had been abused, had made much resistance, and was then murdered by strangulation. The deed was done by the left hand, and the deep print of the thumb on the left side of her throat, and the marks of the fingers on the other, could not be mistaken. Two men, both Englishmen living with Mr. Montgomery, as laborers, were immediately arrested and brought before the coroner's jury. An investigation of some hours was made, which resulted in their committal.—They have since been discharged.

A public meeting has been held in the village of Poughkeepsie at which it was resolved to offer a reward of $500 for the prosecution of the diabolical perpetrators to conviction. It was also resolved to lay the case before the Govenor as one which called forth a proclamation and the offer of a reward on behalf of the people of the State.

A Man of Business.—The following advertisement should be surmounted with "Worthy the attention of Diarymen. He will be decidedly a favorite with the sex, from his "neatness and accuracy," in "milking the cows."

A *noted* M. D. advertises, that "In the *intervals* of his professional duties he will attend to *surveying*, and write deeds, bonds, mortgages," and milk the cows, with "neatness and dispatch.

"I'd be an Editor."—At a late trial before the Morris Court, New Jersey, the editor of the Morristown Palladium, recovered eighteen hundred dollars of a Mr. Glover, for assault and Battery. Not so bad; pretty expensive business, this same flogging an editor.—We have one in our eye, that would not stick at taking a few at the same rate.

Mirabeau B. Lamar, Esq recently editor of the Columbus Enquirer, is announced in that paper a candidate for Congress.

The Old Countryman.—As the publishers of this journal have seen fit to reiterate their complaints of unfair conduct on our part, which we ever must consider wholly groundless—we are forced to recur to the subject. The editors of the Old Countryman do not pretend that we have ever transferred an article originating in their paper to our columns, on any terms; but accuses us of making selections from their extracts of foreign publications; and "this is the very head and front of our offending." Now, we inform the captious gentlemen explicitly, that we uniformly *give credit* for each article we select to the Journal in which it *originated* and no other; not dreaming that by so doing we are infringing the rights of the sheet in which we happen to meet with it. We appeal to the members of the profession to say whether this be not the universal and proper mode of doing this business. And why should it not be satisfactory to the editors of the Old Countryman? We have not taken so great a quantity of matter from their columns as from those of several other papers from which we have not a whisper of dissatisfaction. Surely they will not assert that we have received any *special favors* at their hands which should oblige us to follow the dictates of their unreasonable caprice, rather than those of our own convenience, when the latter is clearly fair and honorable. For our own part, we always think ourselves well used if we obtain credit for our original articles without having the least desire to ask any for our selections—much less to prevent others from copying the same articles if they see fit.

But the gentlemen cavillers chuckle at our taking their previous remarks to ourselves. Now, these remarks were so pointed with regard to the *character* of the paper to which they alluded, that many who knew nothing of our having copied at all from the Old Countryman saw the drift of their article at once, and as we felt that we had nothing to merit the censure therein cast upon us, we determined upon calling our accusers to an immediate account, without sheltering ourselves under any vagueness which the charge might seem to contain.

A Parisian Tailor has recently taken out a patent for a machine, by means of which the human figure is measured for garments with undeviating accuracy.

The Augusta Theatre Company have purchased the lot in Broad-street, now occupied by Mr Smith, as a cabinet-maker's shop for the purpose of erecting a theatre upon it.—*Georgian.*

Police Reports.

NEW-YORK.

Counterfeiter.—Dr. Richard H. White, alias Smith, a remarkable genteel looking man, whom the police officers have for some time suspected to be one of the principals of a gang of counterfeiters in this country, came to this city on Saturday evening in disguise, and put up at his old quarters, No. 60 Courtland street, where he had a suit of rooms which he occupied while in town.—The circumstances were related to Justice Hopson, yesterday morning, and upon the proofs he had against him, issued his warrant immediately for his apprehension.—The officers succeeded in securing him about 11 o'clock last night as he entered his house, and lodged him in the watch house. He was examined this day and fully committed to await his trial at the Court of Sessions. This individual, and a man named Joseph Cutler, were indicted for a base conspiracy to extort money from a respectable physician of this city about six years ago, on which charge they gave bail for their appearance to answer, and fled. The next that was heard of them was that old Reid of Boston had them in custody on several charges of felony in that city.—Cutler procured bail in the sum of $3,700 to answer the charges, (by depositing this amount in the hands of his sureties) and again fled and forfeited his bonds. White alias Smith could not procure bail, consequently he was convicted and sentenced to the state prison at Charlestown for a number of years, and according to report, after being confined two or three years, he effected his escape.

Cutler at that time was well known by the dry good merchants in this city, as keeping a dry goods store in Broadway near Anthony-street, where a desperate gang of thieves and counterfeiters were in the habit of resorting. White then occupied a house in Staple street, and Cutler another house in Murray street, where counterfeiting on a large scale, was carried on, as the police was subsequently informed.—*N. Y. Gazette.*

Youthful Depravity.—A case was tried in the Special Sessions, which afforded an instance of juvenile depravity, which for the happiness of the rising generation we hope has few parallels.

It was the case of a stripling named McGowan, aged about fifteen years and six months, who was arrested on a charge of having stolen a piece of brown linen; the proof of the theft was so incontestible that the prisoner did not attempt to deny the charge. When the Recorder was about to pass sentence, the father of the convict—a man silvered over with age—advanced to the bench and with tears in his eyes besought the court to use some remedy which would save the other members of his family from disgrace, and the city from the evils which must arise if his graceless son was permitted to return to the city.

The Recorder enquired what the character of the boy was, and was by the father informed, that this was the second time he was before the court, that he kept the worst company; if he attempted to reprove him, the prisoner would break his windows and give him all kinds of ill language, and if, said the old man, I attempt to correct him, he turns on me and beats me.

After some consultation between the members of the court, it was decided that they had no more than ordinary jurisdiction in the case as the prisoner had passed his fourteenth year—they could therefore merely sentence him to an imprisonment of six months at hard labor. In passing from the bar to the cage were the convicts are placed the youngster shook his head in a threatening manner at his father and said, "d——n you I'll make you pay for this yet." After he was placed among his convict companions he exclaimed to them in a tone of triumph "d——n my soul if I dont batter the life out of the old rascal when I come out."

The court advised the father to have the youngster bound over to keep the peace before the expiration of his imprisonment.—"Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it."

"*Spare* the rod and *spoil* the child."—*Solomon.*—*Courier.*

GENERAL SESSIONS.

Saturday.—The Court passed the following sentences on prisoners convicted during the week.

John Boyd *alias* Hall convicted of a burglary committed by him in the store of Mr. Floyd Smith, Maiden Lane, and also of an assault with intent to kill the watchman who arrested him, was sentenced to an imprisonment of fifteen years at hard labor in the State prison.

William Quinn convicted of having committed the burglary in Mr. Smith's store in company with Boyd, and also of having committed another burglary in the store of Mr. Conklin was sentenced to the State Prison, to be there kept at hard labor for the term of ten years.

Thomas Jackson, an Englishman, who arrived here last week from England, was tried and convicted of having stolen a piece of Broadcloth from a hand cart in Pearl street. The fellow had not been more than two hours in the country when he committed the felony. He was sentenced to be imprisoned in the State Prison at hard labor for the term of three years.

Robert Hughes *alias Rob Mahogany*, a colored man, convicted of grand larceny, was sentenced to an imprisonment of two years.

William Rose *alias* Roman Nose Bill convicted of petit larceny, second offence, to be imprisoned two years and two months.

Monday.—John Wood indicted for Grand Larceny, in having stolen the goods of David D. Weaver—not guilty. Mr. Price Council for defendant.

John Brown, indicted for Burglary in the third degree.—not guilty.

John M'Donald, indicted for Grand Larceny in having stolen the goods of Jonas Booth—guilty.

Susan Van Duzer indicted for an assault and battery on an infant—not guilty.

Edward Asher, indicted for Petit Larceny—guilty. Sentenced to be imprisoned in the Penitentiary three months.

Benjamin De Mott, indicted for passing a counterfeit bill, purporting to have been issued by the Fulton Bank for $5—knowing it to have been a counterfeit—not guilty. Counsel for the defendant Mr. Thos. S. Brady.

Henry H. Marshal, indicted for the like offence—not guilty. Counsel for defendant Mr. Scott.

Elijah C. Day, for the like offence—guilty. Counsel for defendant Mr. Scott.

Calvin Mann, indicted for the like offence—not guilty. Counsel for defendant Mr. Wilson.

James Rickour, indicted for the like offence—not guilty. Counsel for defendant Messrs. Wilson and Scott. *Ib.*

PHILADELPHIA.

Tuesday, April 10.—A thick lipped, copper-colored, wooly-headed, sour looking [illegible], named Clemm, from Tenth street, a barber's assistant, was among the prisoners this morning, and when called up, was charged by a watchman with having disturbed the peace of the citizens between twelve and one o'clock this morning, in the neighborhood of Sixth and Walnut streets, with loud and repeated bursts of whistling, which he effected by placing his two fingers in his mouth and forcing his breath past them. The watch repeatedly requested him to desist and go along peaceably, or he would be obliged to take him to the watch house—the authority to do which Clemm very seriously questioned, and provoked him to the trial, remarking, "Guess it's gettin high times! shan't be allowed to breathe next along the street." He passed on a few steps, and gave another shrill shriek-like whistle, he was arrested.

Clemm told his Honor he had been on an errand down town, and getting among good company, forgot how the time was passing, and at the same time, how the liquor was passing. If it had not been so, he would never have insulted the gentleman in the world, no more he would not, and he was only serenading himself, any how. He was fined.

> "Now, an't you a good looking couple,
> All things if you?"

Between twelve and one o'clock this morning, the attention of the watch was attracted to what he termed "considerable of a row," in Water street between Arch and Market, and upon investigation found it proceeded from a sort of squabble that had taken place among three fractious mortals, named Michael Deveroux, Patrick Mahar, and John Redy. They were discussing a real knock me down argument, every one testing his physical strength, versus his fellow's cranium.

The Mayor requested them to state why they were thus fighting through each other, when Devoroux held up his head and spake—"May it please your Honor, I'll just tell ye all about the matter. Ye see, we had all, one and all of us, taken the wee drop extraordinary!"

They were all fined.

Wednesday, April 11.—One prisoner alone occupied the dock this morning, who had been taken from his home last night by the watch for some of his outrageous conduct.

The watch stated, that he was called into the prisoner's house late last night by one of his daughters, for the purpose of pacifying and silencing her father, who was distressing them very much. When he entered, the prisoner was lying upon his face on the floor, kicking, scratching, and halloing like an Indian, and a person sitting upon him, for the purpose of rendering him harmless till he got over his passion. He got him up and endeavored to get him to bed, but in vain; and finally at the request of his family, took him to the watch house. He was much under the influence of liquor.

The Mayor asked him if he had aught to say on the subject—and he replied:

"My dear good sir, Mr. Mayor, I have had a great deal of trouble, and it preys so deeply upon my mind that I am obliged to resort to some means of drowning sorrow, and liquor appeared to me to be the most agreeable. To cap the climax, I was grossly insulted last night by a man before the watchman came in, but he says I was drunk, and of course I would not be believed if I talked an hour; so we'll cut the matter short, drop the subject, and save time, for it's a bad business altogether, and I am really ashamed of myself—that's a fact."

He was fined the usual penalty.

LONDON.

A New Business.—The following account of a late Police examination in London will amuse the reader. The sensations of the Jew while under the operations of his friendly *renovators*, must have been truly delectable.

At the Mansion House, on Wednesday, Michael Pagastro, an old Polish Jew, and two Irish women, named Ellen and Peggy Bryan, were brought before the Lord Mayor, under the following curious circumstances.—Mr. Bernard, the landlord of the house in which the Jew lodges, was disturbed on the preceding night by strange noises consisting of laughter and lamentation in the garret where Pagastro dwelt, and he was surprised to find two females in the garret long after the usual hour of putting the street door on the latch, but still more surprised at the employment in which they were engaged. The Jew had a long beard, in which there were as many white as black hairs, and the women were plucking out the former, while the Jew alternately sighed and sneezed at every tweak he received. The landlord scarcely knew his tenant, who looked up with tears in his eyes, and a beard as black as soot, while the floor was covered with the prostrate evidence of antiquity. When he demanded an explanation, the Jew started up and pushed him down stairs. Pagastro told the Magistrates that his motives for having his beard weeded was a good one. In his country it was usual to have the beard plucked as a penance, and as a Jew committed offences in England as well as in Poland, why he thought he might use the same means of absolution. Mr. Bernard said that the women gave a very different account of the matter, and declared that as the Jew was going sweethearting, he had employed them to renovate him a little—(Laughter.) The female defendants, it appeared, were in the fortune-telling line and boasted that they had discovered a mode of making a man of sixty pass for one half that age. They lived within a few doors of the landlord's house, but as Mr. Pagastro wished to be made young in private, they had walked along the tiles from their cockloft to his, and had got about half way through the job when they were interrupted.

The Lord Mayor.—And what more were you to do to him to finish him off?

Ellen Byron.—To pluck his nostrils, his whiskers and his eye brows, and plump up his checks. (Loud and continued laughter.)

The Lord Mayor, who observed that the Jew was particularly lank jawed, said that if a full face could be made out of what he saw before him, the two women would soon have many old gentlemen creeping over the tiles to them.

Peggy Bryan (one of the defendants, an Irish lady.)—Nelly, jewel, don't tell how we plump the checks. Any body might pull every hair out of a body's carcass, but where will you find one, barring ourselves, that can blow out a face. (Laughter.)

Pagastro.—My Lor, I vas not going for to have my face blowed out, but I vas going for to marry a voman for a vife.

The Lord Mayor.—Certainly there are many men who would think that a penance, but what did you mean by saying you were punishing yours lf for your sins.

Peggy Bryan.—Please your worship we were going for to put him in a new pair of checks for a day or two, when he was to have returned 'em for they were engaged for an old lady at Bermondsey.

A gentleman who stood by, said he understood false checks were very much worn, and that they were made of polished India rubber, and went in soft upon swivels.—(Loud laughter.) Half the faces of the ladies of the Scotch Greys went upon the same principle, and that they whisked round when the horses were to kick on the left shoulder.

The Lord Mayor.—Well Bernard, I suppose you are satisfied that the Jew meant no harm, and that he may go and get his face blown out.

Mr. Bernard.—Oh, certainly my Lord he may have his whole body blown out for all what I care, but he shan't bring no clack blowers to my house, for if I don't keep it respectable I'm blowed. (Laughter.)

Broadway News Room.

Four doors below Maiden Lane.—The subscriber has recently opened at his establishment 168 Broadway, an extensive Subscription News Room which it is his intention to render as useful and interesting to the public as possible, being determined to spare neither exertion nor expense to attain that end.

The room is spacious, light and airy, and there are now spread about sixty newspapers, comprising all the Literary, Political, and Commercial Papers of the City, and most of those of the principal Cities and Towns of the Union.

In addition to the above, a table will be supplied with all the Quarterly and many of the other Literary and scientific Periodicals of our country.

Orders have been sent to England for the Edinburgh Review, the London Quarterly, Blackwood's and Fraser's Magazines and it is the intention of the proprietor to make constant and valuable additions of the most popular publications of this country and of Europe.

To subscribers, will be given the privilege of introducing their friends free of expense.

The room will be open from sunrise until 10 o'clock, P. M. and during the evening will be amply lighted by gas.

The advantages of this establishment to such persons as live within a convenient distance, are great, and the expense is scarsely equal to that of one weekly paper.

The expense per annum to Subscribers will be two dollars—per Quarter fifty cents.

Gentlemen desirous of subscribing to this establishment are invited to leave their names at the News Room, where the book is now open.

JOHN L. CLARK, 168 Broadway.

Robert H. Elton,

Engraver on Wood, No. 137 Division-st. New-York.

A Large assortment of one, three, and six cent colored Toy Pictures, wholesale and retail. Fancy Prints, Stationary, Songs, &c.—A liberal discount made to venders. dec 10tf

SAMUEL PHILLIPS.

Auctioneer for the City and County of New-York, attends personally to the Sales of Furniture in any part of the City, also Real Estate Sales, Merchandise, &c. &c. Office 218 Broadway, where all orders will be thankfully received and punctually attended to.

SPRING RACES.

TREE-HILL RACES.

Will commence, as usual, on the second Tuesday in May next.

First Day.

The celebrated Stallion Stakes will take place this day. The produce of the best Stallions of the land will make their first effort, for the fame of themselves and sires. On the event of this race depends much of the future success of those justly celebrated racers, Tonson, Eclipse, Gohanna, Medley, Contention and Arab. The number of colts of their get, in training for this stake, ensures a race worthy of Virginia in her best day. Entrance $200—mile heats—play or pay.

Subscribers.

1. Jno. M. Botts' produce of	Gohanna.
2. Jas. J. Harrison's	Arab.
3. T. Watson's	Mons. Tonson.
4. Th. P. Hare's	Contention.
5. Wm. R. Johnson's	Medley.
6. Walter Livingston's	Eclipse.

Second Day's Race.

Proprietor's Purse $300—two mile heats—entrance $15.

After this race, will be run a sweepstake—mile heats—entrance $100—half forfeit.

Subscribers.

1. Wm. H. Minge enters a Contention filley.
2. Dr. Johnson, a Gohanna colt out of the dam of Collier.
3. Peter Lyons a Gohanna colt.
4. A. M. Harrison, a Hotspur colt out of Molly Andrews.
5. Henry Tolman, a Spring Hill colt.

On the evening of this day, there will be a Race Ball at the Eagle Hotel. Gentlemen, citizens, and visitors are requested to subscribe.

Third Day.

Jockey Club Purse $1000—four mile heats.

Fourth Day.

A Proprietor's Purse $200—two mile heats—entrance $15.

After this race, will be run a Sweepstake—mile heats—entrance $200—half forfeit.

Subscribers.

1. J. M. Selden enters b. f. by Tonson, out of a Diomede mare.
2. Wm Bourfon enters s. c. by Gohanna, out of a Tom Tough mare.
3. J. W. Wintree enters b. c. by Gohanna, out of Bay Yankee.
4. Wm. H. Roane enters gr. f. by Gohanna, out of his Independence mare.
5. Thos. Watson enters b. c. by Tonson, out of a full sister to Tuckahoe.
6. Jno. M. Botts enters b. c. by Gohanna, out of Dairy Maid.
7. F. P. Corbin enters b. f. by Trafalgar, out of a full sister to Star.
8. Wm. R. Johnson enters s. c. by Tonson, out of Betsy Robinson.
9. A. Armstrong enters produce of [illegible] Hornet mare by Spring Hill.

As the produce of Eclipse [illegible] Stallion Stakes, it is hoped that [illegible] of Mr. Stevens will try on Virginia [illegible] speed and bottom of his famous [illegible]. The stable from the Central Course will also be there; which, together with the Ball, offers a field of enjoyment seldom witnessed in Virginia.

April 6. *Secretary of the Club.*

SWEEPSTAKE RACES, NEWMARKET, VA.

The Proprietor respectfully informs subscribers and non subscribers, that the following Sweepstakes are proposed to be run over the New Market Course, at the times therein specified. Some of them are closed, others not closed—and to them additional subscribers are invited.

1st.—A Stud Stake, for spring 1832, with three years old, mile heats; $200 entrance, half forfeit; four subscribers and closed—viz:

James J. Harrison, the get of Arab
John M. Botts, Gohanna
Thomas Watson, Tonson, and
William R. Johnson, Medley

2nd.—A Sweepstake for Spring 1832, with three years old; mile heats; $100 entrance, half forfeit; fifteen subscribers, and closed—viz:

1—Wm. B. Goodwyn enters Tonson filly, out of Chance Mare.
2—F. P. Corbin, b. c. by Trafalgar, do Isabella's Sister.
3—Thos T. Watson, b. c. by Tonson, do. sister Tuckahoe.
5—Wm. Wynn, by Tonson, do Isabella.
6—O. P. Hare, c. c. Contention do Calypso.
7—John D. Amis, H. Wilkinson's colt by Archie do Ratler Mare.
8—Abner Robinson, (no entry in time)
9—W. R. Johnson, A. R. Govan's b. c. full brother to Polly Jones.
10—John M. Botts, Gohanna filly, do Clifford's dam.
11—Edw'd. O. Watkins, ro. c. by Tonson, od Quicksilver.
12—John Minge, Jr. b. c. by Arab, do Merino Ewe.
13—John Walthall, br. c. by Hal, do Remus mare.
14—Jas. J. Harrison, R. K. Mead's Gohanna f. do Lady La Grange.
15—John Flann, b. c. by Tonson, do Virginian mare.

3rd.—A Sweepstake for fall 1832, with three years old; two mile heats; $200 entrance, half forfeit; a few subscribers, and will not close till April 15, 1832.

4th.—A produce sweepstake for spring 1833, with three years old; mile heats; $200 entrance, half forfeit; nine subscribers and closed.

1—John M. Botts, enters produce of Phillis by Medley.
2—James M. Selden, Diomed mare, by Tonson.
3—John Walthall, Remus mare, by Medley.
4—Thomas Watson, Lafayette's dam, by Tonson.
5—W. H. Minge, Francisco mare, by Medley.
6—Wm. R. Johnson, Sally Walker, by Medley.
7—James J. Harrison, Archie mare, by Sir Archie.
8—Robert C. Williamson, Herod mare, by Medley.
9—Edward Wyatt, Archie mare, by Tonson.

5th.—A Sweepstake for fall 1833, with three years old; two mile heats; $200 entrance, half forfeit; two subscribers, and will not close till January 1, 1833.

6th.—A produce Sweepstake for spring 1834, with three years old; mile heats; $100 entrance, half forfeit; ten subscribers and closed.

1—William Wynn, enters produce of Isabella by Merlin.
2—Abner Robinson, produce of Flirtilla.
3—Thomas Rolles, Snyder's mare, by Marion.
4—G. Goodwyn, Archie [illegible] by Timoleon.
5—William B. Goode, [illegible] mare by Timoleon.
6—Benj. Shepard, H[illegible] by Sir Charles.
7—John P. White, [illegible] by [illegible] do.
8—James Sand. G. B[illegible] Atlantic mare, by Marion.
9—Wm. M. West, [illegible] by [illegible].
10—John C. Goode, Archie [illegible] by Cadmus.

Feb. 17. [illegible] Pro'r.

COLTS SWEEPSTAKE.

On Wednesday the 16th [illegible] May, 1832, a Colt's Sweep Stake will be run for over the Lexington Course—two mile heats—free for any Coalts foaled in the State of Georgia, the spring of 1829. Entrance 50 dollars, one half forfeit on failure to run. Five already entered.

And on the following day a Sweep-Stake, mile heats, over the same course, will be run for—free only for Colts foaled in the State, the Spring of 1829—30 dollars entrance, one half forfeit—two entered, and four to constitute a race. The races to be governed by the rules of the turf.

Persons wishing to enter Colts for either of the above Races can do so by application, written or personal to John D. Watkins, Secretary, by giving the name and pedigree of his Colt, at any time before Saturday the 17th of March, 1832.

Subscriptions will be received by the Secretary for a Sweep Stake Race, two mile heats, to be run for on the 18th May—free for Horses of all ages raised in the State, and who never won a Jockey Club Purse—weights according to age—four or more to constitute a race—Entrance 50 dollars half forfeit. One gentleman has left his name with the Secretary, and will bind himself when enough shall do so, to make the race. Subscriptions to this race will also be closed the 17th of March.

FAIRFIELD RACES,

Will commence on the 4th Tuesday in April next and continue three days.

First day, a post sweepstake for colts and fillies 3 years old, one hundred dollars entrance, play or pay. Six subscribers and closed.

Mr. Botts,	Mr. Watson,
Mr. Garrison,	Mr. Minge,
Mr. Johnston,	Mr. Adams.

A sweepstake for colts and fillies, to close on the 1st of April—four or more to make a race; to which there are three subscribers.

Second day, Proprietor's purse, two mile heats, $300—entrance $15.

Third day, Jockey Club purse, four mile heat—entrance $20. Purse 600 dollars, without discount.

By order of the Club.
JOHN MINGE,
RICHARD ADAMS, } *Proprietors.*

JERUSALEM RACES.

The second Spring Meeting will commence the second Tuesday in April next, and continue 4 days.

First day.—Sweepstake for 3 years old colts and fillies, 1 mile heats—entrance $100, half forfeit—four subscribers to make a race, two already entered; and to close the 1st day of April.

Second day.—Proprietor's Purse—2 mile heats, $150.

Third day.—Jockey Club Purse—$500, 3 mile heats.

Fourth day.—Sweepstake for 3 years old colts and fillies, mile heats—entrance $500, half forfeit four subscribers to make a race, one already entered: to close the 1st day of April next.

The Subscriber having purchased the entire interest of this course, pledges himself to use all the means in his power (and they are ample) to give general satisfaction.—The track will be put in complete order, and good stables and litter furnished as usual.—The Newmarket rules to govern in all cases.

RICHARD S. NICHOLSON, *Proprietor.*

SAVANNAH JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

The Races over the Bonadventure Course, four miles distant from the city, will commence on *Wednesday, the 18th day of April next*, under the exclusive control and direction of the Stewards and Officers of the Club.

Free for any Mare, Horse or Gelding, in the United States.

First day—April 18.	
4 Mile heats, for a purse of	$500
Second day—April 19.	
3 Mile heats, for a purse of	$400
Third day—April 20.	
2 Mile heats, for a purse of	$250
Fourth and last day—April 21.	
3 in 5 of 1 mile heats for	$100
(and gate money of that day.)	

Weights, &c. according to the rules of the Savannah Jockey Club.

☞ The Augusta Chronicle, Athenian, Milledgeville Journal, and Charleston Mercury, are requested to insert the above once a week until the 18th April.

RICHARD D. ARNOLD, *Secretary.*

March 16th, 1832.

Tattersall's, 446 Broadway.

The public are respectfully informed that this popular establishment still continues in "the full tide of successful experiment." Horses of all descriptions may be purchased at *Private Sale* from the Bazaar—and public Sales at auction on each Monday afternoon at half past 3 o'clock. Carriages *new* and second hand in endless variety can be seen and bought from the Galleries.—Horses kept at Livery in the best possible manner, faithful grooms, pure water, and good feed.

The Riding Academy under the immediate superintendence of Mr. *Blyth* is open for the winter season, and made comfortable by stoves. Ladies have the opportunity of selecting the hours most convenient to themselves.

BLYTH & WATSON,
Tattersall's, 456 Broadway.

American Feathered Game.

The Grouse, Pheasant, Partridge, Woodcock, and Snipe.

The Subscriber proposes to publish by subscription, the following American Feathered Game, viz—the Grouse, Pheasant, (or Partridge,) Partridge, (or Quail,) male or female, Woodcocks and Snipes.

These drawings will be made from the birds themselves of the size of life, and colored with the greatest accuracy. They will be drawn on plates 12 1-2 by 16 1-2 inches, and characteristic scenery introduced, so as to form a beautiful picture.

It appears to the publisher, that a paper of this kind, is wanting in a country abounding so plentifully with this species of game; and, as no attempt has ever been made to picture our game birds in the proposed style, he hopes at least sufficient encouragement will be given to authorise the publication, even should no profit accrue to the publisher.

As the publisher has always felt an interest and pride in these birds, no pains will be spared to make the drawings perfect representations of the originals, and creditable to himself and his country; and as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers shall be obtained, the drawings will be commenced, and the plates issued as they are published, to subscribers, and in separate pasteboard scrolls with covers, to prevent injury.

These five plates will constitute those birds which are the chief objects of the pursuit in the sportsman; but, as it seems desirable to introduce a *water* bird among so many land birds, the *canvass back Duck* may be added to the list, if those who subscribe to the former will authorise it.

Those who may wish to subscribe, will please send their names and addresses to the subscriber at as early a period as possible, stating whether they will take the five or six plates. Persons residing in distant towns will do well to join with some of their neighbors, as several subscriptions in one place will make it an object to form an agency there, to whom the plates may be sent, and payment made for the same.

In order to place the thing on a favorable footing and remove all difficulties from the minds of those who intend to subscribe, the publisher states, that they are at liberty to withdraw their subscriptions for the remainder of the plates, after the delivery of the first drawing, should it not equal their expectations or prove satisfactory; but failure to notify the publisher within one month after the receipt of the same, will be deemed by him an assent on their part, to take the whole originally subscribed for.

Terms $1.25 each plate, beautifully colored and in pasteboard cases, to be paid for on delivery.

All communications must be *post paid*, and addressed to the subscriber, No. 5 Library street, Philadelphia. JNO. DOUGHTY.

Temple of Hygeia, 195 Pearl-street,

Between Chatham-st. and Broadway.—Dr. Andrew,—Member of the Royal College of Surgeons in London, Student of the University of Edinburgh, and some years a Medical Officer in different Marine Hospitals, &c. &c.—Where he has had ample opportunity of witnessing the practice of the most experienced of the faculty, together with his own observations during the last twenty years, the greater portion of which has been spent in this quarter of the globe, continues to give his advice for diseases of a *Delicate Nature*, Ulcers, &c. He does not deem it necessary to offend the feelings of society by recapitulating (as is too generally the case in public advertisements,) the various forms of this baneful malady—the meaning of which is too well understood by all concerned to need further explanation. Dr. *Andrew* warns the public against the *Abuse of Mercurials*; he is convinced by long experience most of the Chronic affections, generally supposed to be the relics of this disease, are merely the effects of a long continued course of *Mercury*.—Thousands have been restored to health, after years of suffering through the misapplication of that *Poisonous Drug*, by conforming to the *plan of Treatment* of Dr. A.—which plan has been founded on the instruction received from the Immortal Abernethy, in London. Recent affections *cured* in a very short time without a grain of *Mercury*. All cases undertaken will be guaranteed to be effectually and permanently healed, *provided* patients conform to the *Rules of the Office*.

☞ Medicine will be sent to any part of the country by persons writing, describing the disease, and enclosing a reasonable fee.

Hygeian Medicines of every denomination, to be had at the Temple Office.

**** Letters must be post paid.* a114

NEW-YORK.

Saturday Morning, April 14, 1832.

"GENTLEMEN'S FASHIONS."

We have transferred to our columns a regular bulletin of the shape, color, quality, &c. of the habiliments which her most despotic majesty the empress *Fashion*, has commanded her liege subjects of the masculine gender to array themselves in by a late edict, dated at her imperial palace in her right loyal city of London. As her most potent majesty's high behests admit of neither gainsaying or cavilling, it becometh not us, her sometime followers, to demur thereto; and we hereby exhort and entreat the most implicit obedience from all and sundry of her trusty vassals. And, while meddling with this subject, we have thought it not out of place to take a few notes on the present state of *public taste* in regard to like matters in our own goodly city; premising that the mandates of her majesty aforesaid are no where treated with a more universal and marked indifference.

This might strike a stranger as somewhat singular at first, especially if he considered how proverbially *systematic* are the New-Yorkers with respect to every thing else. The laying out a street through the very centre of our business and population—the establishment of a splendid line of packets—the creation of an extensive suburb—the investment of uncounted millions in the stock of a canal, perhaps hardly yet surveyed—are all looked upon as matters of ordinary business and every day occurrences. And, indeed, if a projector should walk into Wall-street with the programma of a rail-road hence to the Oregon Territory, plump across the Rocky Mountains, he could, without exciting the least surprise, have the cost and profits of the undertaking counted up to him, and the exact price which the stock would bear in market demonstrated to a tittle.

Every thing is here done by system and calculation from building theatres and churches to shaving notes and green-horns—no, not every thing: for we have before said that in the matter of gentlemen's apparel, there is a most remarkable want of system; and it is not confined to those who cannot *afford* to be fashionable: far from it. Few are so wealthy as not to prefer (barbarians as they are,) consulting the thermometer, or the aspect of the skies, rather than the "Report of the Fashions," to determine whether they shall, or shall not encase themselves in an overcoat preparatory to venturing out of a morning; and there are even some (unconscionable reprobates!) who demur to the custom of having boots above six inches in width at the point (!) In this last particular, however, "public opinion" is overwhelmingly against them: so we infer that though fashion be not absolute among us, she has at least a strong *foot*-hold. But we have promised a few notes (rough and imperfect though they must be) on the existing state of taste with regard to raiment, so we must set set about them, and by way of grappling with "the very *head* and front" of our subject, we shall begin with

The Hat—in which article we have no late changes to record. The established form is the sugar-loaf, and the orthodox breadth of the rim just a quarter of an inch. Some desperate attempts have been made to resuscitate the ponderous *churn* shaped broad-brims, once so completely *the thing*, and several tempting specimens are now *being exhibited* (spare us, good Johnson and Murray!) at the several hat stores; but they don't take.

Whiskers.—(We will hearken to no expostulation; they are an article of dress, and as such cultivated, fashioned and exhibited)—whiskers, we say, have became a decided bore. Whether this be owing to the too extensive business which has been carried on during the past winter in the growth and manufacture of the article, or simply to a return to the laws of good taste and common sense on the part of the knights of the hairy countenance, we pretend not to decide, but barely note the fact as an indication of the progress of improvement, and the "march of mind." But, then, while we heartily deprecate whiskers in general, we must not condemn the wearers thereof rashly or indiscriminately. There *are* persons, we must admit, who have good reasons for not liking to *show their faces*; and such are unquestionably justifiable in ensconcing themselves behind this convenient and latterly complete disguise. At any rate, we are happy to note this *possible* service which they may render to the wearer, as otherwise we might relax our faith in the old maxim that nothing is made in vain. It gives us pleasure, however, to remark that we are greeted at every turn by friends whose visages have been recently "redeemed, regenerated, disenthralled."

Stocks—appear to be rapidly *choking off* their more pretending rivals, the cravats. It is understood that those who are not blessed with the old-fashioned affairs called *collars*, have voted stocks without collars to be the height of gentility, as well as the very perfection of convenience. It may be so; but whenever the idea is gravely urged, there runs irresistibly through our mind a confused association of vulgar and trite, yet pithy proverbs touching "sour grapes," "the fox without a tail," and the like.

The Coat.—In the matter of this principal habiliment, we have to report the existence of the most unrestricted toleration. Black, blue, and all other colors, even down to the homespun looking pepper-and-salt, are worn with a matter-of-course air, even in Broadway's sacred precincts, by those who might (and for aught we know would) rank among the leaders of the *ton*, if any such there were. However, we cannot be at fault in noticing that in regard to form, the regular straight bodied article appears to be fast recovering the ground it had lost by the inroads of the frock; and, that notwithstanding the diversity of colors is in truth such as we have stated, the black appears to be taking the lead as a symbol of gentility. Apropos of coats—during some of the raw north-westers with which we were lately blessed, with the thermometer considerably below zero, sundry odd geniuses took occasion to promenade our public walks with snow-white linen roundabouts, with the *coolest air* imaginable. On the whole, we can safely assure our country friends who may be contemplating a visit to our city, and who are anxious not to discover too much of the *outlandish* in the style of their garments, that never did there exist a greater spirit of christian liberality on the subject of dress than at present. They may rely on not exciting a stare or a grin at the fashion of their exterior in the course of a two hours' perambulation through our most crowded streets; (but no we wont insure round toes.) Nothing will create surprise with us—not even coats without elbows, or the like; which, we grieve to say, are just now much more common than proper.

Interesting to Sportsmen.—A new weapon has lately been invented in England, and from its superior contrivance is much sought after. It is a gun consisting simply of a barrel, without any stock or external lock. A ferule is screwed into the bottom, and a cap on the top, and when painted it has all the appearance of a moderate sized walking stick or cane. It carries a half ounce ball, and is fired with a percussion hammer. The prices at which those weapons are sold are from thirty shillings to three pounds. We understand a case has been ordered by a house in this city; when arrived, we shall notice it more at length. It must be considered a desideratum.

Salmonia, *or the Days of Fly Fishing.* By Sir H. Davy. Carey & Lea, Philadelphia.

This pretty little work on Angling, says a cotemporary, mingles the gravity of philosophy with the light and playful charms of conversation. Its style though familiar is unexceptionable; and the "charm of knowledge and wisdom which he has thrown around this trifling subject, almost persuades us to become a disciple of Isaac Walton, the patriarch of anglers, of whom, by the by, Byron has this savage couplet:

> "The quaint, old, cruel coxcomb, in his gullet
> Should have a hook, and a small trout to pull it."

Trout fishing in this country is a most delightful amusement. Those who have traced up our mountain brooks far into the recesses of the forest, where the silence is only broken by the brawling of the waters or the wild melody of the mocking bird, and the solitude disturbed but by the wild deer as he breaks through the tangled bushes, gazes upon the intruder, and then bounds back into the forest—those who among such scenes have lured the trout from its chrystal bed, will consider the "solitary vice," as angling is called, one of the most delightful in the calendar."

To even the general reader this work will be found interesting; but to the sportsman, and more particularly the "knights of the rod," it will indeed be invaluable. We shall the first opportunity to make copious extracts for our Angling department.

The editor of the Buffalo Republican, in giving an account of a recent boat race at that place, after mentioning the tugging of the crews, the clapping of hands of the spectators, &c. says the whole scene was "beautifully sublime." What *magnificent* eyes the editor must have. Sublimity in a boat race! Think of that.

The above is from the Poughkeepsie Telegraph, a very fine country paper, and we are surprised at the editors seeming want of taste. Why, sirs, if you could but see one of our Whitehall Boat Races, we are persuaded you would think it the most "magnificent" scene you ever beheld.—"Sublimity in a Boat Race!" why you tasteless *varments*, you ought hereafter to sail the Dismal Swamp in a *mud-scow*. Sublimity indeed!!

Burking.—Our citizens have been much excited the past week, on account of the outrage committed on a little girl, the daughter of Mr. John Latham, a reputable citizen, residing in Provost street, aged about 7 years. It seems that on Monday evening she was sent by her mother to "perform some small errand; before she had proceeded more than ten or twelve paces from the door of the house in which her father resided, four ruffians sallied forth from an alley in which they had been concealed, fixed a rope about her neck, and instantly commenced dragging her with great force. The child screamed as loudly as she could, and her mother immediately raised the window of the room in which she was then standing, and gave the alarm—upon which the ruffians fled. The child was so much alarmed and hurt by the extraordinary attack, that it became necessary to carry her into the house."

Taken in connection with the numerous sudden disappearances which have recently taken place, the occurrence is of a character well calculated to harrow up the feelings of our citizens, and must excite the most gloomy forebodings of the probable fate of those who lately have so suddenly disappeared. It behoves the city authorities to look into this affair; for if this is a case of "Burking" and we have good reason to think it so, then none are safe.

The Courier remarks that their reporter saw the child on Tuesday, at her father's house, after the affair had undergone investigation by the Police, and the marks left by the rope, and these visible, around her throat, were such as to induce a wonder that a strangulation did not ensue from the violence with which it must have been drawn. Under her ear the skin was torn away, as if by a knot.

The child, who appears to be a very interesting and intelligent little girl, states that she did not cry out until she felt the rope hurt her; the perpetrators of the outrage she describes as "boys about as big as her father or a little larger," but from the darkness of the night and the alarm of the moment she is unable to give a more minute description of their persons.

Williams' Annual Register.—This excellent and very useful work, for 1832, contains a variety of satistical information, from which the following is derived:—There are at present two hundred and fifty-eight newspapers published in this state. The only counties without papers are Putnam and Rockland. There are sixty-four papers printed in this city, of which thirty-three are weekly and thirteen daily, making about two millions six hundred and twenty-eight thousand six hundred sheets annually. The subscriptions of the city papers, exclusive of the advertisements are estimated at about four hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Infallible Cure!—The editor of the Providence Patriot has done us the favor to add the following line to our Prospectus, published in his paper, in staring capitals:—"Cure for Indigestion, Jaundice, Liver Complaints, &c." We feel quite obliged!

The Flood.—We find the following very probable paragraph in a late paper from New Orleans. Munchausen's story of killing the bear with the "spare flints," is nothing to it.—"A passenger on board of a steamboat which passed Shippingport, said that it would have been impossible to see where the town was, had he not seen the smoke issuing from the tops of the chimneys that were peeping *just above the waters surface.*"

SPRING RACES.

TREE-HILL RACES.

WILL commence, as usual, on the second Tuesday in May next.

First Day.

The celebrated Stallion Stakes will take place this day. The produce of the best Stallions of the land will make their first effort, for the fame of themselves and sires. On the event of this race depends much of the future success of those justly celebrated racers, Tonson, Eclipse, Gohanna, Medley, Contention and Arab. The number of colts of their get, in training for this stake, ensures a race worthy of Virginia in her best day.

Entrance $200—mile heats—play or pay.

Subscribers.

1. Jno. M. Botts' produce of Gohanna.
2. Jas. J. Harrison's Arab.
3. T. Watson's Mons. Tonson.
4. Th. P. Hare's Contention.
5. Wm. R. Johnson's Medley.
6. Walter Livingston's Eclipse.

Second Day's Race.

Proprietor's Purse $500—two mile heats—entrance $15.

After this race, will be run a sweepstake—mile heats—entrance $100—half forfeit.

Subscribers.

1. Wm. H. Minge enters a Contention filley.
2. Dr. Johnson, a Gohanna colt out of the dam of Collier.
3. Peter Lyons a Gohanna colt.
4. A. M. Harrison, a Hotspur colt out of Molly Andrews.
5. Henry Talman, a Spring Hill colt.

On the evening of this day, there will be a Race Ball at the Eagle Hotel. Gentlemen, citizens, and visitors are requested to subscribe.

Third Day.

Jockey Club Purse $1000—four mile heats.

Fourth Day.

A Proprietor's Purse $200—two mile heats—entrance $15.

After this race, will be run a Sweepstake—mile heats—entrance $200—half forfeit.

Subscribers.

1. J. M. Selden enters b. f. by Tonson, out of a Diomede mare.
2. Wm. Bourn enters s. c. by Gohanna, out of a Tom Tough mare.
3. J. W. Winfree enters b. c. by Gohanna, out of Bay Yankee.
4. Wm. H. Roane enters gr. f. by Gohanna, out of his Independence mare.
5. Thos. Watson enters b. c. by Tonson, out of a full sister to Tuckahoe.
6. Jno. M. Botts enters b. c. by Gohanna, out of Dairy Maid.
7. F. P. Corbin enters b. f. by Trafalgar, out of a full sister to Star.
8. Wm. R. Johnson enters s. c. by Tonson, out of Betsy Robinson.
9. A. Armstrong enters produce of …geant's Hornet mare by Spring Hill.

As the produce of F… Stallion Stakes, it is hoped the … of Mr. Stevens will try on Virginia … the speed and bottom of his famous course. The stables from the Central Course will also be there; which, together with the Ball, offers a field of enjoyment seldom witnessed in Virginia.

April 6. *Secretary of the Club.*

SWEEPSTAKE RACES, NEWMARKET, VA.

THE Proprietor respectfully informs subscribers and non-subscribers, that the following Sweepstakes are proposed to be run over the New-Market Course, at the times therein specified. Some of them are closed, others not closed—and to them additional subscribers are invited.

1st—A Stud Stake, for spring 1832, with three years old; mile heats; $200 entrance, half forfeit; four subscribers, and closed—viz:

James J. Harrison, the get of Arab
John M. Botts, Gohanna
Thomas Watson, Tonson, and
William R. Johnson, Medley.

2nd—A Sweepstake for Spring, 1832, with three years old; mile heats; $100 entrance, half forfeit; fifteen subscribers, and closed—viz:

1 Wm. B. Goodwyn enters Tonson filly, out of Chance Mare.
2—F. P. Corbin, b. c. by Trafalgar, do Isabella's Sister
3—Thos T. Watson, b. c. by Tonson, do. sister Tuckahoe.
5—Wm. Wynn, by Tonson, do Isabella
6—O. P. Hare, c. c. Contention do Calypso
7—John D. Amis, H. Wilkinson's colt by Archie do Ratler Mare.
8—Abner Robinson, (no entry in time)
9—W. R. Johnson, A. R. Govan's b. c. full brother to Polly Jones.
10—John M. Botts, Gohanna filly, do Clifford's dam.
11—Edw'd. O. Watkins, ro. c. by Tonson, od Quicksilver.
12—John Minge, Jr. b. c. by Arab, do Merino Ewe.
13—John Walthall, br. c. by Hal, do Remus mare.
14—Jas. J. Harrison, R. K. Mead's Gohanna f. do Lady La Grange.
15—John Flinn, b. c. by Tonson, do Virginian mare.

3rd—A Sweepstake for fall 1832, with three years old; two mile heats; $200 entrance, half forfeit; a few subscribers, and will not close till April 15, 1832.

4th—A produce sweepstake for spring 1833, with three years old; mile heats; $200 entrance, half forfeit; nine subscribers and closed.

1—John M. Botts enters produce of Phillis by Medley.
2—James M. Selden, Diomed mare, by Tonson
3—John Walthall, Remus mare, by Medley,
4—Thomas Watson, Lafayette's dam, by Tonson.
5—W. H. Minge, Francisco mare, by Medley
6—Wm. R. Johnson, Sally Walker, by Medley
7—James J. Harrison, Archie mare, by Sir Archie.
8—Robert C. Williamson, Herod mare, by Medley.
9—Edward Wyatt, Archie mare, by Tonson

5th—A Sweepstake for fall 1833 with three years old; two mile heats; $200 entrance, half forfeit; two subscribers, and will not close till January 1, 1833.

6th—A produce Sweepstake for spring 1834, with three years old; mile heats; $100 entrance, half forfeit; ten subscribers and closed.

1—William Wynn, enters produce of Isabella by Merlin.
2—Abner Robinson, produce of Flirtilla
3—Thomas Ridley, Skylark mare, by Marion
4—… Goodwyn, Archie … by Timoleon
5—William B. Goodwyn … mare by Tonson.
6—Benj. Shepard, Herod … by Sir Charles
7—John P. White, M… by do
8—James Smith G. R…, … mare, by Marion
9—Wm. M. West, …
10—John C. Goode, Arch… by Cadmus.

Feb 17. … Pr…

COLTS SWEEPSTAKE.

ON Wednesday the … May 1832, a Colt's Sweep Stake will be run over the Lexington Course—two mile heats—free for any Colts foaled in the State of Georgia, the spring of 1829. Entrance 50 dollars, one half forfeit on failure to run. Five already entered.

And on the following day a Sweep Stake, mile heats, over the same course, will be run for—free only for Colts foaled in the State, the Spring of 1829—30 dollars entrance, one half forfeit—two entered, and four to constitute a race. The races to be governed by the rules of the turf.

Persons wishing to enter Colts for either of the above Races can do so by application, written or personal, to John D. Watkins, Secretary, by giving the name and pedigree of his Colt, at any time before Saturday the 17th of March, 1832.

Subscriptions will be received by the Secretary for a Sweep Stake Race, two mile heats, to be run for on the 18th May—free for Horses of all ages raised in the State, and who never won a Jocky Club Purse—weights according to age—four or more to constitute a race—Entrance 50 dollars, half forfeit. One gentleman has left his name with the Secretary, and will bind himself when enough wish so to make the race. Subscriptions to this race will also be closed the 17th of March.

FAIRFIELD RACES,

WILL commence on the 4th Tuesday in April next and continue three days.

First day, a post sweepstake for colts and fillies, 3 years old, one hundred dollars entrance, play or pay. Six subscribers and closed.

Mr. Botts, Mr. Watson,
Mr. Garrison, Mr. Minge,
Mr. Johnston, Mr. Adams.

A sweepstake for colts and fillies, to close on the 1st of April—four or more to make a race; to which there are three subscribers.

Second day, Proprietor's purse, two mile heats, $300—entrance $15.

Third day, Jockey Club purse, four mile heat—entrance $20. Purse 600 dollars, without discount.

By order of the Club.
JOHN MINGE, RICHARD ADAMS, } *Proprietors.*

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THE second Spring Meeting will commence the second Tuesday in April next, and continue 4 days.

First day—Sweepstake for 3 years old colts and fillies 1 mile heats—entrance $100, half forfeit—four subscribers to make a race, two already entered; and to close the 1st day of April.

Second day.—Proprietor's Purse—2 mile heats, $150.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse—$500, 3 mile heats

Fourth day—Sweepstake for 3 years old colts and fillies, mile heats—entrance $500, half forfeit four subscribers to make a race, one already entered; to close the 1st day of April next.

The Subscriber having purchased the entire interest of this course, pledges himself to use all the means in his power (and they are ample) to give general satisfaction—The track will be put in complete order, and good stables and litter furnished as usual.—The Newmarket rules to govern in all cases.

RICHARD S. NICHOLSON, *Proprietor.*

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3 in 5 of 1 mile heats for $100
(and gate money of that day.)

Weights, &c. according to the rules of the Savannah Jockey Club.

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RICHARD D. ARNOLD, *Secretary.*
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These drawings will be made from the birds themselves of the size of life and colored with the greatest accuracy. They will be drawn on plates 12 1-2 by 16 1-2 inches, and characteristic scenery introduced, so as to form a beautiful picture.

It appears to the publisher, that a paper of this kind, is wanting in a country abounding so plentifully with this species of game; and, as no attempt has ever been made to picture our game birds in the proposed style, he hopes at least sufficient encouragement will be given to authorise the publication, even should no profit accrue to the publisher.

As the publisher has always felt an interest and pride in these birds, no pains will be spared to make the drawings perfect representations of the originals, and creditable to himself and his country: and as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers shall be obtained, the drawings will be commenced, and the plates issued as they are published, to subscribers, and in separate pasteboard scrolls with covers, to prevent injury.

These five plates will constitute those birds which are the chief objects of the pursuit in the sportsman; but, as it seems desirable to introduce a *water* bird among so many land birds, the *canvass back Duck* may be added to the list, if those who subscribe to the former will authorise it.

Those who may wish to subscribe, will please send their names and addresses to the subscriber at as early a period as possible, stating whether they will take the five or six plates. Persons residing in distant towns will do well to join with some of their neighbors, as several subscriptions from one place will make it an object to form an agency there, to whom the plates may be sent, and payment made for the same.

In order to place the thing on a favorable footing and remove all difficulties from the minds of those who intend to subscribe, the publisher states, that they are at liberty to withdraw their subscriptions for the remainder of the plates, after the delivery of the first drawing, should it not equal their expectations or prove satisfactory; but failure to notify the publisher within one month after the receipt of the same, will be deemed by him an assent on their part, to take the whole originally subscribed for.

Terms $1.25 each plate, beautifully colored and in pasteboard cases, to be paid for on delivery.

All communications must be *post paid*, and addressed to the subscriber, No. 5 Library street, Philadelphia. JNO. DOUGHTY.

TEMPLE OF HYGEIA, 195 *Pearl-street, Between Chatham st. and Broadway.*—Dr. ANDREW,—Member of the Royal College of Surgeons in London, Student of the University of Edinburgh, and some years a Medical Officer in different Marine Hospitals, &c. &c.—Where he has had ample opportunities of witnessing the practice of the most experienced of the faculty, together with his own observations during the last twenty years, the greater portion of which has been spent in this quarter of the globe, continues to give his advice for diseases of a *Delicate Nature*, Ulcers, &c. He does not deem it necessary to offend the feelings of … by recapitulating (as is too generally the case in public advertisements,) the various forms of this baneful malady—the meaning of which is too well understood by all concerned to need further explanation. Dr. *Andrew* warns the public against the *Abuse of Mercurials*; he is convinced by long experience most of the Chronic affections, generally supposed to be the relics of this disease, are merely the effects of a long continued course of *Mercury*.—Thousands have been restored to health, after years of suffering through the misapplication of that *Poisonous Drug*, by conforming to the *plan of Treatment* of Dr. A.—which plan has been founded on the instruction received from the Immortal Abernethy, in London. Recent affections *cured* in a very short time without a grain of *Mercury*. All cases undertaken will be guaranteed to be effectually and permanently healed, *provided* patients conform to the *Rules of the Office.*

☞ Medicine will be sent to any part of the country by persons writing, describing the disease and inclosing a reasonable fee.

Hygeian Medicines of every denomination, to be had at the Temple Office.

. *Letters must be post paid.* a114

NEW-YORK.

Saturday Morning, April 14, 1832.

"GENTLEMEN'S FASHIONS."

We have transferred to our columns a regular bulletin of the shape, color, quality, &c. of the habiliments which her most despotic majesty the empress *Fashion*, has commanded her liege subjects of the masculine gender to array themselves in by a late edict, dated at her imperial palace in her right loyal city of London. As her most potent majesty's high behests admit of neither gainsaying or cavilling, it becometh not us, her sometime followers, to demur thereto: and we hereby exhort and entreat the most implicit obedience from all and sundry of her trusty vassals. And while meddling with this subject, we have thought it not out of place to take a few notes on the present state of *public taste* in regard to like matters in our own goodly city; premising that the mandates of her majesty aforesaid are no where treated with a more universal and marked indifference.

This might strike a stranger as somewhat singular at first, especially if he considered how proverbially *systematic* are the New-Yorkers with respect to every thing else. The laying out a street through the very centre of our business and population—the establishment of a splendid line of packets—the creation of an extensive suburb—the investment of uncounted millions in the stock of a canal, perhaps hardly yet surveyed—are all looked upon as matters of ordinary business and every day occurrences. And, indeed, if a projector should walk into Wall-street with the programma of a rail-road hence to the Oregon Territory, plump across the Rocky Mountains, he could, without exciting the least surprise, have the cost and profits of the undertaking counted up to him, and the exact price which the stock would bear in market demonstrated to a tittle.

Every thing is here done by system and calculation from building theatres and churches to shaving notes and green-horns—no, not every thing: for we have before said that in the matter of gentlemen's apparel, there is a most remarkable want of system; and it is not confined to those who cannot *afford* to be fashionable: far from it. Few are so wealthy as not to prefer (barbarians as they are,) consulting the thermometer, or the aspect of the skies, rather than the "Report of the Fashions," to determine whether they shall, or shall not encase themselves in an overcoat preparatory to venturing out of a morning; and there are even some (unconscionable reprobates!) who demur to the custom of having boots above six inches in width at the point (!) In this last particular, however, "public opinion" is overwhelmingly against them: so we infer that though, fashion be not absolute among us, she has at least a strong *foot*-hold. But we have promised a few notes (rough and imperfect though they must be) on the existing state of taste with regard to raiment, so we must set set about them, and by way of grappling with "the very *head* and front" of our subject, we shall begin with

The Hat—in which article we have no late changes to record. The established form is the sugar-loaf, and the orthodox breadth of the rim just a quarter of an inch. Some desperate attempts have been made to resuscitate the ponderous *churn* shaped broad-brims, once so completely *the thing*, and several tempting specimens are now *being exhibited* (spare us, good Johnson and Murray!) at the several hat stores; but they don't take.

Whiskers.—(We will hearken to no expostulation; they are an article of dress, and as such cultivated, fashioned and exhibited)—whiskers, we say, have became a decided bore. Whether this be owing to the too extensive business which has been carried on during the past winter in the growth and manufacture of the article, or simply to a return to the laws of good taste and common sense on the part of the knights of the hairy countenance, we pretend not to decide, but barely note the fact as an indication of the progress of improvement, and the "march of mind." But, then, while we heartily deprecate whiskers in general, we must not condemn the wearers thereof rashly or indiscriminately. There *are* persons, we must admit, who have good reasons for not liking to *show their faces*; and such are unquestionably justifiable in ensconcing themselves behind this convenient and latterly complete disguise. At any rate, we are happy to note this *possible* service which they may render to the wearer, as otherwise we might relax our faith in the old maxim that nothing is made in vain. It gives us pleasure, however, to remark that we are greeted at every turn by friends whose visages have been recently "redeemed, regenerated, disenthralled."

Stocks—appear to be rapidly *choking off* their more pretending rivals, the cravats. It is understood that those who are not blessed with the old-fashioned affairs called *collars*, have voted stocks without collars to be the height of gentility, as well as the very perfection of convenience. It may be so; but whenever the idea is gravely urged, there runs irresistibly through our mind a confused association of vulgar and trite, yet pithy proverbs touching "sour grapes," "the fox without a tail," and the like.

The Coat.—In the matter of this principal habiliment, we have to report the existence of the most unrestricted toleration. Black, blue, and all other colors, even down to the homespun looking pepper-and-salt, are worn with a matter-of-course air, even in Broadway's sacred precincts, by those who might (and for aught we know would) rank among the leaders of the *ton*, if any such there were. However, we cannot be at fault in noticing that in regard to form, the regular straight bodied article appears to be fast recovering the ground it had lost by the inroads of the frock; and, that notwithstanding the diversity of colors is in truth such as we have stated, the black appears to be taking the lead as a symbol of gentility. Apropos of coats—during some of the raw north-westers with which we were lately blessed, with the thermometer considerably below zero, sundry old geniuses took occasion to promenade our public walks with snow-white linen roundabouts, with the *coolest air* imaginable. On the whole, we can safely assure our country friends who may be contemplating a visit to our city, and who are anxious not to discover too much of the *outlandish* in the style of their garments, that never did there exist a greater spirit of christian liberality on the subject of dress than at present. They may rely on not exciting a stare or a grin at the fashion of their exterior in the course of a two hours' perambulation through our most crowded streets; (but no we wont insure round toes.) Nothing will create surprise with us—not even coats without elbows, or the like; which, we grieve to say, are just now much more common than proper.

Interesting to Sportsmen.—A new weapon has lately been invented in England, and from its superior contrivance is much sought after. It is a gun consisting simply of a barrel, without any stock or external lock. A ferule is screwed into the bottom, and a cap on the top, and when painted it has all the appearance of a moderate sized walking stick or cane. It carries a half ounce ball, and is fired with a percussion hammer. The prices at which those weapons are sold are from thirty shillings to three pounds. We understand a case has been ordered by a house in this city; when arrived, we shall notice it more at length. It must be considered a desideratum.

Salmonia, *or the Days of Fly Fishing.* By Sir H. Davy. Carey & Lea, Philadelphia.

This pretty little work on Angling, says a cotemporary, mingles the gravity of philosophy with the light and playful charms of conversation. Its style though familiar is unexceptionable; and the "charm of knowledge and wisdom which he has thrown around this trifling subject, almost persuades us to become a disciple of Isaac Walton, the patriarch of anglers, of whom, by the by, Byron has this savage couplet:

"The quaint, old, cruel coxcomb, in his gullet
Should have a hook, and a small trout to pull it."

Trout fishing in this country is a most delightful amusement. Those who have traced up our mountain brooks far into the recesses of the forest, where the silence is only broken by the brawling of the waters or the wild melody of the mocking bird, and the solitude disturbed but by the wild deer as he breaks through the tangled bushes, gazes upon the intruder, and then bounds back into the forest—those who among such scenes have lured the trout from its chrystal bed, will consider the 'solitary vice,' as angling is called, one of the most delightful in the calendar."

To even the general reader this work will be found interesting; but to the sportsman, and more particularly the "Knights of the rod," it will indeed be invaluable. We shall the first opportunity to make copious extracts for our Angling department.

The editor of the Buffalo Republican, in giving an account of a recent boat race at that place, after mentioning the tugging of the crews, the clapping of hands of the spectators, &c. says the whole scene was "beautifully sublime." What *magnificent* eyes the editor must have. Sublimity in a boat race! Think of that.

The above is from the Poughkeepsie Telegraph, a very fine country paper, and we are surprised at the editors seeming want of taste. Why, sirs, if you could but see one of our Whitehall Boat Races, we are persuaded you would think it the most "magnificent" scene you ever beheld.—"Sublimity in a Boat Race!" why you tasteless *varmints*, you ought hereafter to sail the Dismal Swamp in a *mud-scow*. Sublimity indeed!!

Burking.—Our citizens have been much excited the past week, on account of the outrage committed on a little girl, the daughter of Mr. John Latham, a reputable citizen, residing in Provost street, aged about 7 years. It seems that on Monday evening she was sent by her mother to "perform some small errand; before she had proceeded more than ten or twelve paces from the door of the house in which her father resided, four ruffians sallied forth from an alley in which they had been concealed, fixed a rope about her neck, and instantly commenced dragging her with great force. The child screamed as loudly as she could, and her mother immediately raised the window of the room in which she was then standing, and gave the alarm—upon which the ruffians fled. The child was so much alarmed and hurt by the extraordinary attack, that it became necessary to carry her into the house."

Taken in connection with the numerous sudden disappearances which have recently taken place, the occurrence is of a character well calculated to harrow up the feelings of our citizens, and must excite the most gloomy forebodings of the probable fate of those who lately have so suddenly disappeared. It behoves the city authorities to look into this affair; for if this is a case of "Burking" and we have good reason to think it so, then none are safe.

The Courier remarks that their reporter saw the child on Tuesday, "at her father's house, after the affair had undergone investigation by the Police, and the marks left by the rope, and these visible, around her throat, were such as to induce a wonder that a strangulation did not ensue from the violence with which it must have been drawn. Under her ear the skin was torn away, as if by a knot.

The child, who appears to be a very interesting and intelligent little girl, states that she did not cry out until she felt the rope hurt her; the perpetrators of the outrage she describes as "boys about as big as her father or a little larger," but from the darkness of the night and the alarm of the moment she is unable to give a more minute description of their persons.

Williams' Annual Register.—This excellent and very useful work, for 1832, contains a variety of statistical information, from which the following is derived:—There are at present two hundred and fifty-eight newspapers published in this state. The only counties without papers, are Putnam and Rockland. There are sixty-four papers printed in this city, of which thirty-three are weekly and thirteen daily, making about ten millions six hundred and twenty-eight thousand six hundred sheets annually. The subscriptions of the city papers, exclusive of the advertisements, are estimated at about four hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Infallible Cure!—The editor of the Providence Patriot has done us the favor to add the following line to our Prospectus, published in his paper, in staring capitals:—"Cure for Indigestion, Jaundice, Liver Complaints, &c." We feel quite obliged!

The Flood.—We find the following very probable paragraph in a late paper from New Orleans. Munchausen's story of killing the bear with two 'spare flints,' is nothing to it:—"A passenger on board of a steamboat which passed Shippingport, said that it would have been impossible to see where the town was, had he not seen the smoke issuing from the tops of the chimneys that were peeping *just above the waters surface.*"

Sporting Extraordinary!—Our friends at New London have been enjoying rare sport the past week. A shoal of Whales having been discovered off the coast, a number of the hardy captors of this "Leviathan of the deep," were off immediately in pursuit, directing their course towards Sandy Hook, where they made prize of one chap, about sixty feet in length. He was towed up to the city on Tuesday evening, by two schooners, and was surrounded by boats filled with people, anxious to get a peep at his whale ship. He is indeed the "lion" of the day, holding his levee at Castle Garden, where thousands daily repair to pay their respects. It is supposed that not less than fifty barrels of oil, will be produced from him—his friends will probably take warning by his untimely fate, how they make their bows to the good people of New-London.

Dr. Scudder, of the American Museum, the Courier says, has now *harpooned* him, and we learn that henceforward he will be exhibited under his superintendence. Every measure will of course be taken by him, to give the exhibition effect and render it as interesting as possible.

The Philadelphia papers were boasting of all the monstrosities a short time since in the Fire Kings, &c. but New-York can spare half a dozen and beat her into the bargain. We have now, Mr. Forrest, Mr. Blanchard, Miss Vincent, Miss Duff, Miss Clifton, and last, though by far not least, a Whale 60 feet in length, "with other articles "as expressed in the bills of the day."

Gen. Washington. Think not gentle reader that we are about inditing a paragraph on the memory or to the virtues of the sainted patriot—far from it; but we would beg leave to call your attention to the new Omnibus, bearing the name of the "great and good." Mr. Hall has just placed on the Greenwich line a coach, not exceeded for elegance or comfort by any of the conveniences that have yet appeared; it carries *only sixteen* inside! We thought the Lady Clinton the prettiest thing possible, but Niblo must now get up something new, or he's a "gone sucker." Rumor says "Gen. Jackson will take his station in the line early in May, and that in point of elegance and convenience he will excel all competitors." Too much credit or encouragement cannot be bestowed upon the enterprising proprietors who have so liberally catered for the public in the way of Omnibuses.

Paul Pry.—Barely is our sight gladdened by this our good friend from Washington, but some "*body snatcher*" has him in his pocket, and *makes tracks*. Of all the numbers published, not one remains on file to "light us on our way." It seems too, we are not the only poor devils subject to the same imposition. "Nimrod Wildfire, Gent," editor of the "True Blue," Cincinnati, treats us to the following article on the subject.

"Daring Robbery.—The daring, outrageous villain, who, last week, came into our office, and laid his hands upon a 'Paul Pry,' that our good old brother, Anne Royall, sent to us not long ago, will stand a bad chance if caught. Such consummate, bare-faced thievery cannot be overlooked. All officers, justices of the peace, &c. are requested to keep a bright look out; and should any of our newly elected constables, (that is, those who are to be elected) discover this violater of all honesty, and respect to society shall have all the honor due him, and a certificate that he has done his duty as a newly elected officer."

We respectfully commend his case to the attention of our famed High Constable, and all others interested, and furthermore, in addition to the *reward* offered by Mr. Wildfire, of "scrowging" memory, we do hereby make known and declare it to be our intention to give to the lucky dog "what can put his finger on 'im," that "borked" our last little Paul Pry, a *leather medal* of the value of "no cents and no charges paid."

The Fur Traders. Our friends who we noticed last week in Baltimore, have reached Frederick. The Herald in speaking of them says truly they are a "body of fine looking men," and we hope to show also, they can "put out a squirrel's eye," or "knock over a pint of whiskey," with any "Mike Fink" of Kentucky or Mississippi.—They are under the command of Capt. Wyeth of Cambridge, Mass. and are to be employed in the Pacific Fur Company. "The expedition is accompanied by a physician, a mineralogist and a naturalist, and is fully equipped for the hazardous enterprize, being well armed with rifles, axes, &c. The baggage, &c is contained in three wagons, which can be promptly converted into batteaux, for the passage of rivers, and four dogs of enormous size have been enlisted as trusty sentinels. On the arrival of the expedition in this city, their tents were pitched in the vicinity of the depot, and the novel scene attracted a large number of visiters, whose best wishes accompany the adventurers. Their ultimate destination is Astoria at the mouth of the Columbia river, from which place at the expiration of about five years, they will embark for their homes—but many scenes of wild adventure must be encountered in their journey through the trackless prairies, before the voice of greeting sound in their ears from the paternal roof. Success attend them."

A friend at our elbow, who has formerly resided in Plattsburg, wishes us to suggest to the editor of the Plattsburgh Republican the propriety of capsizing his form and printing his paper on the other end of the type, as he judges from the number he is endeavoring to decipher, that it is wrong side up.

The above is from the Sacket's Harbor Courier, the neatest country paper in that section of the state. As for the Plattsburgh Republican, we hope the editor will take the hint, or we shall be compelled most heartily to second the Courier's motion.

Later from the "Comic"—The waggish editor of the Boston Statesman has "News 76 years later from Biela's Comet." We question whether the new schooners "Courier and Enquirer," or "Journal of Commerce," have brought papers, &c. of so late a date. The Statesman continues, "We might say something, (as a forbearing wag always used to say when he was jok'd,) 'but we won't.' We do not wish to alarm our friends needlessly about the comet, since Dr. Whiston's comet missed fire, and nobody had so much as the 'waistbands' cut away. We must *suppress* all the rest we had to say on the subject, till Mina has had his trial, as Judge Fox will brush *his* tail in our eyes, which we fear more than a comet. So much for news."

A negro wench one day having received a reprimand from her master for some offence, was so much irritated, that she went directly out, kneeled down and made the following prayer—"O good massa lord! come, take me right out of dis world dis berry minnit—if you can no come yourself, send the debil or any body else.

THE DRAMA.

AMERICAN THEATRE.

Mr. Hamblin on Monday evening last, redeemed his pledge. We "were more than gratified—we were engaged and delighted." Of the performance, and the beautiful *debutante*, we cannot better express our own feelings than by this quotation from the Courier:—"We found the house literally crowded to overflowing, and every tongue praising Miss Vincent's Clari, in the Maid of Milan, which was just finished. "Perfection or the Maid of Munster" was then played—Kate O'Brien, Miss Vincent, being only her twelfth appearance on any stage. We have been astonished by the precocity of Master Burke and Miss Fisher, but our astonishment was greater when we found before us a very pleasing young lady of seventeen, easy in her manners and graceful in her person, bursting upon us with a degree of excellence rarely witnessed. Her conception and manner of playing was the admiration of the audience and thunders of applause from all parts of a crowded house bore testimony to her merits. She is an actress of very decided talent, and great promise, and even at this moment, may claim to be ranked with any performer in the country in the character we saw her play. With-all she has a fine voice and only requires instruction in music to rank high as a singer as well as an actress."

On Wednesday, Miss V. again appeared in the same pieces, to a full and fashionable audience, and "personated the part of *Clari*, in Howard Payne's play of that name, with a degree of chasteness and feeling that would have mollified the most rigorous critic." In our opinion, her acting was less constrained than on the previous night. That diffidence or "*je ne sçais quoi*," so generally experienced on a first appearance had disappeared, and we now beheld her in all her power, her beauty, and her grace. Her "Home, sweet Home" would have well become Miss Hughes; by the way, Miss Searle, a clever actress and pretty woman, sung the same song, to our mind, as well as can be done by even the "*prima donna*" herself. Miss V.'s "first appearance on the stage rather disappoints one," says the American, who continues, "her figure though good, is rather small—and her face, particularly when seen *en profil*, ordinary." Now we beg leave to differ in this point, and presume the Anti-malthusian of the American, only meant it as an agreeable surprise to us young bloods, for he acknowledges in almost the succeeding line, that "Miss V.'s features prove them to be of that class which win upon you by cheating into the belief that they are the index of the owner's feeling; they vary so in expression as to become a study; and he who peruses finds his interest enchained before he is aware of it."

Her voice is one of exquisite sweetness, and finely modulated, though it at times seems to have "some slight defect, as if from the loss of a front tooth." We think no one can deny her gestures are ever graceful, and in one so young, astonishing; when excited "they are all nature." "Her motions, generally, are perfectly lady-like, with no abrupt starts, no attitudinizing, or stage trick about them. She seems to identify herself completely with her character, and when under the influence of strong emotion, you can see the veins in her neck and temples swelling as if the tide of feeling were pouring a torrent through them. This cannot be the effect of drilling; there must be talent of no common order where such manifestations of the excitable temperament that accompanies it are displayed."

"Never was a first appearance before any public, so entirely successful, and Hamblin has in her a magnet, which united to the best stock company in America, will insure him a rich harvest. We have only to recommend to her, study and the preservation of her modest unassuming manner, and we'll have reason to be proud of her as a specimen of *native* talent."

Of the other characters we have little room for even a passing notice this week. Mr. Jones as Vivaldi was altogether too stiff, so much so indeed, that a cotemporary remarks that his pronunciation of the *trio*-logue seemed "as if he had supped on starch." This is rather too severe, and may be accounted for by the interest excited in favor of his lovely mistress, whose "fervid playing," one would have thought irresistible, and his stiffness "have melted away." He for all this is an actor of much promise; he dresses with taste and his readings are good.

Mr. Tuthill, as Rolamo, had he made less use of his lungs would have been perfect; his acting was so, but his voice we thought rather too harsh and loud. Mr. Spencer as the "master of ceremonies," was not entirely at home, the character was evidently not one of his choosing. Mr. Hadaway was most ——— drunk, as Geromo; he kept the audience in a good humor however, which was what he aimed at, we presume. His "Hacko" in the Barber of Bagdad, was the best thing we have seen this season. Mr. Gates, as Narcissus Stubble, was what might have been expected from him; his Nathan, in the Water Witch, is said to compare with Hackett's Maj. Joe Bunker—*he's a good 'un*. Mrs. Stevenson, (her husband being "Secretary of the Treasury" we never see him,) deserves credit for her personation of Videlma; and with a little addition of maternal feeling and softness, would be excellent.

Mr. Blanchard, has given us "a taste of his quality." Speed the Plough, was again performed on Thursday, when he kept the audience in most excellent good humor with themselves, with him, with the house, and every thing else. It is worth the price of two tickets to see him *dance*; such spirit, such seeming enjoyment, it would seem he was twenty years younger; and then his parting with his "*dear*" wife—we could only *see* him, for hearing was out of the question. The whole audience were convulsed with laughter "long and loud." We do not know when we have enjoyed a pleasanter evening.

Messrs. Buckley and Gay, made their first *conge* to the public and were encored. They "took" decidedly.

Miss Johnson, is the prettiest *danseuse* we have met with—she is always encored; Mother Goose is *being* again brought out, when we expect great things of her.

We should be pleased to notice more at length a number of this excellent company; but have no room this week. Mrs. Mangeon, and Messrs. Tuthill and Spencer are really deserving for their exertions to please; they must be considered as favorites.

The Editor of the American speaks very sensibly of a great nuisance of this house, though the same may be said of both the Park and the Richmond Hill. He says truly that the "peanut-crunchers, seem to forget the rights of the minority altogether in this theatre; and people have such a predilection for their hats that they keep them on even when sitting on the front seats with the ladies. As regards the two last mentioned nuisances we are aware that the manager cannot do much in the way of abating them, unless he buys up all the pea-nuts in the neighborhood, or appeals to the inside of the heads of his audience against the conduct of the outside—to their good taste against their bad manners."

The following paragraph too is valuable, and we commend it to both actors and auditors, or whoever it may concern.

It would be an improvement in our theatres if a different access were made to the second and third tiers, and the price of admission to them put lower than that of the pit. This would carry upwards the unhealthy scum of turbulent peanut eaters, and leave a wholesome residuum of quiet play loving people. And these last finding themselves so much more comfortable in their favorite quarters, would, by frequenting them more often, soon act together, and gradually establish that etiquette in the house, and between the stage and the audience, which is the best preservative of order, and which formerly made the theatre the school of good breeding. In England this good understanding exists to such a degree that the pit regulates the stage by the surveillance it exercises over it, and at the same time sustains the police of the theatre in putting down disorder. In Paris its operation is so beneficial that a man who leaves his glove upon his seat may be certain of recovering both when he wishes, while not even a lady presumes to place her back to the stage, much less a gentleman to sit, as is not uncommon with us, in such an attitude upon the front cushion of the boxes that at least two quarters of him shall impend like an avalanche over the pit.

PARK THEATRE.

Mr. Forrest appeared on Monday in his tragedy of the Gladiator, to a full house; not having attended the past week, we are unable to speak of the performances. Mr. F. has played several of his best characters and we understand with his usual success. He has our best wishes.

RICHMOND HILL THEATRE.

COMMUNICATION.

Mrs. Duff, whose unrivalled tragic powers have been the leading attraction at this establishment during her long engagement, took her farewell benefit on Monday evening last, and we cannot withhold the expression of the pride and pleasure which we feel in being able to state that she was greeted by one of the most numerous and respectable audiences that ever assembled in that house; and this (when it is considered that Forrest appeared at the Park and Miss Vincent at the Bowery, on that evening,) will serve to show the high estimation in which Mrs. Duff is held in our city.

The comedy of "Man and Wife," which commenced the evening's entertainment, had been most effectively cast, and was played throughout with a spirit and fidelity to nature which is seldom met with in the representation of a piece embracing so large a number of interesting characters. But the personation of Helen Worrett by Miss Mary Duff, (her first appearance before a New-York audience,) was the point to which all eyes were directed; and never has a *debutante* among us been hailed with more rapturous or uninterrupted applause. It was indeed a triumphant appearance. Graceful and unaffected in manner, rich in histrionic talent and attainments, and transcendantly beautiful in person, Miss Duff cannot fail of acquiring (if she has not already reached) a high rank among the "stars" of the American stage.

Mr. Russell, as O'Dedimus, Mr. Foot as Sir Willoughby, Mr. Hill as Charles Austincourt, and Mestayer as Ponder, were respectively uncommonly happy, particularly the latter, whose popularity appears to be rapidly rising. It would puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer to tell how he managed to maintain his imperturbable gravity while convulsing the entire audience with uncontrollable laughter. We know that a man may do or suffer any thing that he is used to, from plain hanging down to swallowing phosphorus and fire-coals; but this preserving the most intense sobriety, while the possessor of it knows that with every motion and every moment he is distorting a thousand faces and shaking twice as many sides, is at open war with all the established laws of sympathetic attraction.

The drama of "Lyieushe Lovel," which succeeded, did not take our fancy, (perhaps because we did not understand it,) so we shall hurry over it as fast as possible—barely remarking that Mrs. Duff enacted the heroine excellently, of course; but that could not make a good play out of a bad one.

The peformance of the farce of the "Dead Shot" was a return to the high ground which had been maintained in the comedy; and brought with it the same unequivocal tokens of gratification and exuberant flow of spirits from the audience, which that had occasioned. Miss Duff as Louisa, increased the admiration which she had already inspired, and Mr. Russell, as Timid, was irresistibly ludicrous.

Miss Mestayer, an established favorite of the New-Yorkers, sung two songs during the evening, and was warmly encored.

☞ We have a rod in pickle for some three or four of the minor actors at this theatre; but really, we were so very agreeably entertained at *this* visit, that we have not the heart to lay it on just now. All we shall say at present is that the stock company in general show plainly the effects of Mr Russell's efficient drilling, and we trust he will soon dismiss any whom he may find incorrigible.

Theatrical Miscellanies.

New Tragedy.—The editor of the Evening Journal says he has been permitted to examine the manuscript of a new Tragedy, in five acts, which in his opinion is destined to eclipse many things of the kind that have been produced on this side of the Atlantic.

The author, A. A. Locke, Esq. we have been proud to consider a friend; and though young, few writers of the day can compare with him for elegance of diction or purity of thought. The readers of this paper are indebted to him for several beautiful articles, in prose and verse, which have contributed not a little, to give our poor sheet that repute, we shall ever be so proud to maintain.

The Evening Journal, continues "We had heard the high opinion expressed by several literary gentlemen, Judges of dramatic composition, before whom the play had been read, and our subsequent perusal of the work satisfies us that it is fully deserving of their encomium. The play is entitled "Harald, King of Norway"—and the plot is as follows—

"King Harald of Norway, now ruling, in right, not of blood, but of marriage—having espoused Thora, daughter of Ottfried, the late King is invaded in his territories by Alf, king of Denmark, accompanied by his sister Ulrica and the young prince Olaf. Olaf is a posthumous son of the late king Ottfried, who had married Ulrica, a Danish princess, (for his second wife) only about a year before his death; consequently, is now rightful heir to the crown, assumed, and for the last seventeen years worn and defended by Harald. Various proposals for an amicable compromise have all proved Ineffectual. Ulrica cherishes an unhallowed passion for Harald, which however, being hopeless, manifests itself in hatred and persecution. An underplot also depends upon the visionary attachment of Olaf to Ina, daughter of his *half sister* Thora, and of Harald—consequently, though of equal age, in *law* his own niece.

The heroism of Harald, tarnished by crimes the offspring of despair—the firm integrity and constant affection of Thora—the poetical and imaginative character of Olaf, resembling that of Wilfred and Hamlet—the wild and visionary devotedness of Ina, and the frenzied passions of Ulrica, are all pourtrayed with a masterly hand, evincing not only great poetical genius, and deep insight into the recesses of human character, but a profound acquaintance with the canons of the legitimate drama, and the requirements of the modern stage. The author is A. A. Locke, Esq. of this city; and although we have been permitted to copy from the MS. whatever we might please to select, we are aware that we could not do him full justice, in making such extracts as our present limits would allow. We had intended to quote a few passages, rather as descriptive of two quite distinct characters among the *dramatis personæ*, those of Olaf and Harald, than as fair specimens of the author's style; but fearing that the piece might thus be injured, we forbear.

"The character of Thora is most admirably drawn; and it may perhaps be considered the principal character in the piece. To witness its personation by a lady like Mrs. Duff, would be a gratification of the highest order. But we know not that the American stage is destined first to obtain possession of the prize; for we have learned that the author has been advised by gentlemen conversant with the state of the drama in Europe, to take his tragedy across the Atlantic. It is trusted, however, that there will be sufficient patriotism at home to preserve a work calculated to reflect honor upon the literary reputation of our country."

"The Cabinet, *or Large Parties at Washington*."—This new Comedy by the fair editress of the Paul Pry, came to hand last week. Mrs. Royall will please accept our thanks for the honor, and will excuse our seeming inattention to its merits, when we assure her, that before one hour from its receipt had elapsed it was taken by some one "not having the fear of shame before his eyes," and carried off. We are in doubt which establishment in this city it has gone to, but should we hear of any rehearsal of it, we shall take measures to bring the offender to condign punishment.

Richard the Third's Bed.—Richard slept at the Blue Boar Inn, the night before the battle of Bosworth field, and the bedstead whereon he is supposed to have lain is still preserved, and its history is thus handed down:—"In the year 1613, Mrs. Clark, keeper of that inn, was robbed by her servant maid and others, and the relation is thus given by Sir Roger Twisden, who had it from persons of undoubted credit, who were not only inhabitants of Leicester, but saw the murderers executed:—'When king Richard III marched into Leicestershire against Henry, Earl of Richmond, afterwards Henry VII, he lay at the Blue Boar Inn, in the town of Leicester, where was left a large wooden bedstead, gilded in some places, which, after his defeat and death, in the battle of Bosworth, was left, either through haste, or as a thing of little value, (the bedding being all taken from it,) to the people of the house; thenceforward, this old bedstead, which was boarded at the bottom, (as the manner was in those days,) became a piece of standing furniture, and passed from tenant to tenant with the inn. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth this house was kept by one Mr. Clark, who put a bed on this bedstead; which his wife going to make hastily, and jumbling the bedstead, a piece of gold dropped out. This excited the woman's curiosity; she narrowly examined this antiquated piece of furniture, and finding it had a double bottom, took off the uppermost with a chisel, upon which she discovered the space between them filled with gold part of it coined by Richard III, and the rest of it in earlier times.' Mr. Clark (her husband) concealed this piece of good fortune, though by degrees, the effects of it were made known, for he became rich from a low condition, and, in the space of a few years, mayor of the town; and then the story of the bedstead came to be rumoured by the servants. At his death, he left his estate to his wife, who still continued to keep the inn, though she was known to be very rich; which put some wicked persons upon engaging the maid-servant to assist in robbing her. These folks to the number of seven lodged in her house, plundered it and carried off some horse-loads of valuable things, and yet left a considerable quantity of valuables scattered about the floor. As for Mrs. Clark herself, who was very fat, she endeavoured to cry out for help, upon which her maid thrust her fingers down her throat, and choaked her; for which fact she was burnt, and the seven men who were her accomplices, were hanged at Leicester some time in the year 1613."—*Baines' History of Lancashire.*

Theatre.—The Theatrical company who have been amusing the citizens of Charleston during the winter, intend trying a short campaign here, for which purpose they arrived yesterday. The theatre opens this night with Massinger's sterling play of a *New way to pay old debts*. Sir Giles Overreach, by Mr. C. Kean. Several of our old acquaintances, Mrs. Hughes, Mrs. Brown, Mr. DeCamp, &c. are attached to this company.—*Georgian.*

The late John Emery was an admirable miniature painter; but some of his happiest efforts were executed in his careless moments. One night, at Sunderland, while waiting for his cue to go on for his greatest character, *Tyke*, he sketched, on a side-scene, the likeness of John Kemble, which hundreds have for years been in the habit of admiring; at length a manager cut it out of the canvass, and sold it for £30.

When Shuter was one day at dinner in a promiscuous company, as soon as the cloth was removed, one of them got up, and entreated, as a particular favor, he would begin to be comical. "Gad so, (said Ned) I forgot my fool's dress, but however, I'll go and fetch it, if you'll be my substitute till I return." The man thought this very comical indeed, and declared he would.—Shuter departed, took his hat and cane, but did not return.

Hackett tells the following story in his character of Uncle Ben.

"A smart young chap who lives 'down east' gives the following account of his first 'venture' after arriving in Boston. Nothing happened worth mentioning on the road, nor till next morning after I got here and put up in Elm street, I then got off my watch pretty curiously, as you shall be informed. I was down in the bar room, and tho't it well enough to look pretty considerably smart, and now and then compared my watch with the clock in the bar, and found it as near right as ever it was—when a fellow stept up to me and asked how I'd trade? and says I, for what? says he, for your watch—and says I, any way that will be a fair shake. Upon that, says he, I will give you my watch and five dollars. Says I, its done. He gave me five dollars, and I gave him my watch. Now, says I, give me your watch, and says he with a loud laugh, I han't got none—and that turned the laugh on me.—Thinks I, let them laugh that loose. Soon as the laugh was over, the fellow thought he'd try the watch to his ear—why, says he, it don't go—no, says I, not without it's carried—then I began to laugh—he tried to open it, and could'nt start it a hair, and broke his thumb nail in the bargain. Won't she open, says he? No! s I know on, says I, and then the laugh seemed to take another turn. Don't you think I got rid of old Brittania pretty well, considering

The Casket.

"A nosegay of culled flowers, with nothing of our own but the thread that ties them."

A NICE VOICE.

[Translated from the French.]

Three strapping clowns were seen one day (strange case!)
Holding poor Hodge up to his knees in ice;
'Twas terrible too see the fellow's face;
Yet there he sat, stuck fast as in a vice.

With wond'ring ire a passenger was seized.
"Forbear!" cried he, "what! have ye no remorse?
Hands off! give over!"—"Sir, be not displeased,"
A beadle said, "we're making the man hoarse."

"Hoarse!"—Yes, sir, manly in his tones like gruff;
To-morrow's the saint's day in this here place;
And this here lad, who winces sure enough,
We're putting in a state to sing the bass."

EXTRACTS FROM A MODERN DICTIONARY.

Tragedian.—A fellow with a tin pot on his head, who stalks about the stage, and gets into a violent pass on to so much a night.

Critic.—A large dog, that goes unchained, and barks at every thing he does not comprehend.

Impossibility.—Breakfast on board a steamboat without sausages.

Patron of American periodical literature.—A person who subscribes to a journal, and stops it in a few months without paying his subscription.

"*Your humble servant.*"—A term applied by the writer of a letter to himself, which would be the greatest insult if applied by another.

Esquire.—Every body, yet nobody: equal to General.

Jury.—Twelve prisoners in a box to try one or more at a bar.

Young attorney.—A useless member of society, who often goes where he has no business to be, because he has no business where he ought to be.

State's evidence.—A wretch who is pardoned for being baser than his comrades.

THE LION AND THE BEAR.—The New-Orleans Emporium of the 23d ult. has this article:—

We were yesterday informed, that on Tuesday last a Bear was taken to the Menagerie now exhibiting in this city, and let down into the cage of an African Lion, twenty-four years of age, with the belief that it would be immediately torn to pieces. Many people assembled under the awning which encompasses the exhibition to witness the scene, but all were disappointed and struck with astonishment, for although the Bear, so soon as he had reached the bottom of the cage placed himself in a fighting position, and once or twice flew at the Lion, with the apparent intention of commencing the battle, the Lion did not attempt to injure it, but on the contrary, after some time had elapsed, placed his paw on the Bear's head as if to express its pity for its helpless situation, and evinced every disposition to cultivate friendship.

Having heard and read much of the Lion's nobleness of disposition, and understanding that the Bear was still in the cage, prompted by curiosity, we visited the Menagerie this morning, and actually saw them together. The manager of the Lion tells us that since the Bear has been put into the cage, no person has dared to approach it, and that the Lion had not slept for three hours, but continues constantly awake to guard his weaker companion from danger. The Lion, says the manager, suffers the Bear to eat of whatever is thrown into the cage until he has enough, but will scarcely touch food himself.

During the time that we remained, the Lion once or twice walked to the end of the cage opposite to that at which the Bear was lying, and some person motioned his hand towards the Bear, but so soon as the Lion saw it, he sprang to the Bear and kept his head resting over it for some time; he has so fatigued himself with watching, that as soon as he lies down he falls asleep, but awakens again at the first noise that is made, and springs to the object of his care.

This seems to us astonishing indeed; and will no doubt attract the notice of naturalists.

A curious circumstance occurred at Biggleswade lately, viz. a gentleman found great fault with a young man who milked his cow, from the small quantity of milk he used to bring in, and told the lad he was sure he could not milk the cow clean. The mystery was shortly explained, by his discovering a pig, which he kept, sucking the cow the same as a calf would do, which immediately accounted for the short quantity of milk given by the cow. The pig has since been ordered to do penance, by being kept fastened in the sty.—*Bern. Wiltshire.*

PHYSIC.—Many ignorant people have a sad propensity for amateur physicking, and labor to correct nature by an addition of pestilential drugs. How absurd! It is said that David Harvey took two hundred pounds of soap to cure the stone. Bishop Berkeley drank a butt of tar-water. Meyer, in the course of chemical neutralization, swallowed 1200 pounds of crabs' eyes. One person took so much elixir of vitriol that the keys were rusted in his pocket by the transmutation of the acid through his skin; and another turned blue from the quantity of argentum nitratum which had been administered to him. Well might the poet say to the black boy, "take physic, Pomp."—*Pennsylvanian.*

An Irishman with his family landing at Philadelphia, was assisted on shore by a negro who spoke to Patrick in Irish. The latter taking the black fellow for one of his own countrymen, asked how long he had been in America—about four months was the reply. The chop fallen Irishman turned to his wife and exclaimed, "But four months in this country, and almost as black as jet."

A favorite actress at the Milan Theatre had lately a singular adventure. She had been for some time attached to a young Italian gentleman. They quarrelled and parted. The lover became desperate: he declared he would watch an opportunity and shoot her from one of the upper boxes of the Theatre, and afterwards shoot himself. But a short time elapsed, when one evening, as the lady was warbling a favorite air, she looked towards the upper boxes, and saw her lover pale as death with his eyes fixed upon her. She trembled violently. The lover put his hand to his bosom; instantly collecting her strength, she ran off the stage, crying, "Seize the murderer! seize the assassin!" The amazement of the audience was indescribable. The lover escaped.

A bill drawn by Rowland Stephenson, in America, for £700, had been presented at a banker's in London, and paid!

In Pennsylvania they still adhere to the old practice of attaching to the names of applicants for discharge under the Insolvent laws, the occupation of each. In a list published in the United States Gazette, we observe two "*comedians*" who are about to take their "benefit" in this farce of "a new way to pay old debts." Their creditors will doubtless admit their capacity to "overreach," and regret that they do not succeed better in "raising the wind."—*Newark Dai. Adv.*

When Sam Foote was once at Bath, he was asked what company he usually met at Dr. Delacour's table. "Sir," replied the satirist, "we have always a piece of beef, a saddle of mutton, a couple of chickens, and Capt. Mathews."

The Hon. Mr. Frederick Ongley has purchased Mr. Hobson's half-bred horse Donnington, by Champion, three years old, for 500 guineas. Donnington was bred by Francis Brooks Esq. of Stafford.

STEEPLE CHACE.

The Steeple Chace for a Sweepstakes of fifty Sovereigns, by five subscribers of 10 sovs. each, was decided Jan. 25, 1832. There was great excitement previously, in the sporting circles, and a numerous assemblage of persons, among whom we noticed several ladies in carriages, were attracted to the scene of action to witness the result. The ground fixed upon was from a barn near Oakley Wood to Chesterton Windmill, about three miles. The race was subject to the usual conditions, viz., that neither of the contending parties was, during the chace, to open a gate, pass over bridge, or take a road. About twelve o'clock, the following horses started.

Lord Ongley's Cogniac (Mr. Ongley).
Mr. Cooke's Creeper, (Mr. Campbell).
Mr. Cook's Vivit, by Cannon Ball (owner)
Captain Montgomery, mare (owner).
Mr. A. Hunter's mare (Mr. J. Russell jr).

All five went off together, at a slow pace, till they got to the first fence, and in the next field separated, Mr. Ongley and Mr. Russell taking a direction more to the right, and the three others to the left. On taking the second fence, Mr. Russell's mare fell, the others cleared it in good style, and Cogniac shot ahead, and kept the lead for about a mile, till they got to Hogbrook, when, from the peculiarity of the ground, Cogniac, Vivit, and Creeper, being unable to clear the stream, were plunged into it. The Hon. Mr. Montagu, on alighting on the opposite bank, endeavoured to extricate his horse, but, in the exertion, the bridle shifted from the head of the animal, and Cogniac got loose, and was not caught for three or four minutes afterwards. In the interim, the riders of the other horses had re-mounted, and a mile further up, they all, except Mr. Campbell, again crossed the brook; that gentleman taking a direction still further to the right, leapt the hurdles across the bridge near Mr. Bradley's farm house at Chesterton, by which means he reached the appointed goal first. There is little doubt that the stakes would have been awarded differently by the umpire, had the second horse belonged to any other person than Mr. Cook, in consequence of the rider passing over the bridge contrary to the conditions of the race. Creeper refused to take the last fence but one, but, on being turned round by his rider, he leaped it in good style, and came in apparently very little distressed. Cogniac was the favourite at starting, and, but for the accident which occurred in crossing the brook, it is thought would have won the race cleverly. The horses came in as follows;—Creeper 1st, Vivit 2d, the mare 3d, Cogniac 4th, and Mr. Hunter's mare 4th.—*Post.*

POLLY HOPKINS.

Polly Hopkins is a handsome bay, near five feet three inches high; of uncommon beauty, symmetry and power. She was got by Virginian; her dam Jenny, by the imported Archduke; and her grandam by the imported Stirling. She was foaled in the spring of 1825, the property of John C. Goode, Esq. of Mecklenburg, Va. by whom she was sold, at an early age, to Mr. Garrison, of Portsmouth.

1. In the spring of 1828 she won a sweepstakes, mile heats, over the Norfolk course, beating among others, Mr. Johnson's Star, the winner of the stakes at Lawrenceville and Tree Hill.

2. In the fall of 1828, the campaign opening at Norfolk, she again met and vanquished Star in a sweepstakes, two mile heats. Time, 3m. 48s.—3m. 42s. the best two miles ever run in the United States. (Arietta, four years old, by Virginian, ran the two miles over the Union course, L. I. beating Ariel, in 3m. 44s. the first mile in 1m. 47s.)

3. On the third day afterwards she won the handicap, two mile heats; beating Lord Byron, Brunette, and others;—exhibiting in both races uncommon fleetness. Time, 3m. 43s.—3m. 48s.

4. Having already attained great celebrity, the next week but one she appeared at Newmarket, where she gave repeated challenges, and though there where many fine colts that season, she was suffered to gallop for the semi-annual poststakes of $400, two mile heats—none having the temerity to raise her glove.

4. Next week, at Tree Hill, she commanded the sum of $3000. She there won a sweepstakes, two mile heats, for $1400, in which she beat the far-famed Kate Kearney, who had but recently beaten Ariel, four mile heats. Time, 3m. 52s.—3m. 56s. A severe and close contest.

6. Next week she won the jockey club purse, at the Belfield course, for $400; three mile heats.

7. Next week she won the proprietor's purse at Newhope, Halifax, for $250, two mile heats. Thus, at the close of her third year, having won seven public races, without losing a single heat.

8. In the spring of 1829 she was started for the proprietor's purse at Newmarket; but, being in bad order, she was beaten by Star; two mile heats. Time, 3m. 54s.—3m. 55s.

9. Next week she won the proprietor's purse at Tree Hill, $300, two mile heats, beating Corporal Trim and others. Time, 4m.—4m. 4s. course very heavy.

10. Next day but one, the poststakes of $150 was the bone of contention, three mile heats. Polly Hopkins, Kate Kearney, and Star were the competitors. Much excitement prevailed, and a concourse of people assembled to enjoy the interesting scene. At the appointed signal the horses went off; Polly and Star taking the lead, and contending through the heat with great animation. The mare came in a little ahead. Kate Kearney did not contend for the heat, designing to act the fox in the fable; a device often practised in the south. It being obvious that Kate had made no effort, doubt was visible in every countenance.

When the signal was made for the second heat, Polly and Star shot forward with former fire, and sustained the front for more than two rounds; she somewhat in the van. In the closing mile Kate's critical moment was at hand. She made a dash, and rapidly gliding by Star, found herself by the side of her more beautiful competitor, zealously contesting the meed of praise. The contest was short. Polly soon gave back, and left it to Kate by an easy victory, triumphantly to bear away the palm.

The third heat was announced—the track cleared, and the generous animals brought to the stand. Kate, confident in her great powers, and not less confident of success, moved nobly to the start, claiming the admiration of the surrounding multitude. Polly, uninspired with the hope of victory, yet conscious that she was no contemptible adversary, exhibited an appearance of resigned firmness, and a determination to wake a vigorous effort to retrieve her tarnished, endangered glory. Star was now nearly forgotten. The word was given: the mares went off under scores; Polly's hopes began to awaken. Every inch she contended for the mastery. The conflict became more fierce and furious. Loud, pealing shouts animated the competitors—with glowing fire they swept along. The scene was closing—the stand was in view. Renewed shouts renewed their fervor—amazing efforts became redoubled—with Æolian fleetness they streaked the plain—and quick, enveloped in the shouting crowd, with furious impetuosity they passed the goal. The field, thick, gathering round the stand, impatiently demanded to know the victor, when it was announced that Polly Hopkins had carried the day.

11. The conflict between these noble animals was so severe, that Kate Kearney was laid up for the remainder of the season; while Polly Hopkins, though she had run three hard races in eight days, was carried to Broad Rock next week, and won the jockey club purse of $500, three mile heats.

12. Next week she won the jockey club purse over the Nottoway course, $300, three mile heats.

13. Next week she won the jockey club purse at Lawrenceville, $400, three mile heats, and closed the season with unrivalled fame.

14. Fall 1829. She won the jockey club purse at Warrenton, N. C. three mile heats.

25. Norfolk meeting, she won the jockey club purse of $600, four mile heats. She was then taken to Broad Rock, but being in bad order, she did not run.

16. Next week at Newmarket, being somewhat patched up, she was started for the jockey club purse, four mile heats, but was easily beaten by Star.

17. At Tree Hill, the week after, she was started for the poststakes, but was beaten by Slender without a struggle.

21. Winter of 1829 and '30. She was taken to S. Carolina and Georgia, where she ran four races, winning two and losing two.

22. Spring 1830. She was beaten at Broad Rock meeting, by Sussex in running for the jockey club purse of $500, three mile heats. Time 5m. 46s.—5m. 43s.

25. In three successive weeks she won the jockey club purses at Newmarket and Norfolk, four mile heats, and the poststakes at Tree Hill, three mile heats.

29. In the fall of 1830, she won the proprietor's purse, at Broad Rock, two mile heats, and the jockey club purses at Tree Hill, Newmarket and Norfolk, four mile heats, beating Havoc, Maria West, Virginia Taylor, Slender, Gabriella and Shannon.

30. April 29, 1831. Polly Hopkins, six years old, closed her racing career at Broad Rock, being beat the three mile heats, in three heats by the celebrated Collier, five years old, by Sir Charles. She won the first heat, beating also Sally Hornet, and broke down in the third.

It thus appears that she has won twenty-three out of thirty races; and of the races she lost, she has beaten the victor previous or succeeding. It may also be said, that no other horse, whatever, from the original institution of this manly amusement, down to the present time, has been able in the commencement of his sixth year, to boast of such a catalogue of brilliant achievements, and yet remain in good condition.

Polly Hopkins is at present owned by Col. W. R. Johnson; her produce by Sir Charles, is entered in a sweepstakes to be run over the Central Course, in 1835.—*Turf Reg.*

MATCH AT PIGEON SHOOTING.—Most of the *crack* shots of Manchester and the neighborhood congregated together at the house of Jeremiah Whittaker, of Moss-lane, Hulme, on Monday last, to witness a match at pigeon shooting, between two celebrated shots. The parties were, Shakspeare Dyson, formerly of Lees, near Oldham, and Thomas Wilkinson, formerly of Audenshaw. Both these persons had obtained considerable celebrity in their respective neighborhoods, and had been before matched, but from some circumstance or other, had never come into competition. Both of them, however, having become residents of Manchester, the latter as a publican, at the Royal Oak, Oak street, a match was made for five pound. The betting ran at 6 to 4 upon Dyson, who thought he was so much superior to his adversary as to give him one dead bird out of 10, but the result showed that he reckoned without his host. Wilkinson, after having missed his first bird, killed the next seven in succession, and in a most sportsmanlike manner. At this time Dyson hit his 1st, 2d, 3d, and 5th birds missing his 4th, 6th, 7th, and 8th, so that Wilkinson was declared the winner with two birds to spare.—*Manchester Herald.*

OTTER HUNTING.

The pursuit of the otter affords great sport to the Russians, on the north west coast of our continent. For taking this animal, they retain in their service many of the native inhabitants of the coast, a number of whom proceed together in separate boats; and as soon as any of the party perceives an otter, he throws his arrow (or small harpoon) at it, and pulls to the place where it plunges. Here he stations his boat, and then lifts up his oar. The rest of the hunters, on observing the signal, form a circle round it, and the moment the animal shows his head above water, he that is nearest throws his arrow, and then hastens to the spot where the otter again disappeared; while the hunter by raising his oar again exhibits the signal for a second circle to form. In this manner the chase continues till the animal, exhausted by fatigue, as well as the loss of blood, which incessantly flows from repeated wounds, is at length taken. If at the commencement of the chase, the prey happens to receive a serious wound, he is quickly captured; but it sometimes occurs that twenty boats are employed half a day in taking a single otter. This animal will sometimes tear the arrow from its body with its teeth, for the purpose of effecting its escape, which however seldom happens, and is almost impossible, as the people, exercised from childhood to this species of the chase, are not only very expert at it, but are able to ascertain the course of the otter under water. In fine weather this is known by the bubbles which appear on the surface; while in rough weather, the otter always directs his course against the wind.

When a female otter happens to be attacked in company with her young, the mother immediately clasps the young one with her fore feet, and plunges beneath the surface. However, as the cub is not able to remain long under water, she is under the necessity of rising again very soon, and of thus exposing herself to the darts of her pursuers. It sometimes happens that the hunters come on the female by surprise, and separate her from her young one, in which case the cub is sure to be taken immediately; but the mother no sooner hears its cries than she swims to the very boat from which they proceed, and regardless of all danger, shares the fate of her little complaining captive. If the female has two cubs, which is sometimes the case, she will destroy one herself, in order that she may be able to devote her whole attention to the protection of the other.

The first plunge or dive of a sea-otter exceeds a quarter of an hour; the second is of shorter duration; the third still shorter. Thus the intervals gradually diminish, till at last, it can plunge no more. These creatures sometimes swim on their sides; at other times on their backs, or in an upright position. When attacked, they make no resistance but endeavor to save themselves by flight. Where, however, they see no means of escape, they will scold and grin like an angry cat.

On receiving a blow from a club, they turn on their side, draw up their hind legs, cover their eyes with their fore paws, and seem to prepare themselves for death. When an otter is killed, the hunters express their triumph by a general shout.

AN OLD SPORTSMAN.

Squire Boghurst, of Frinsbury, in the county of Kent, (England) was in his youth esteemed one of the best and boldest sportsman that ever followed the deer, or came in for the brush of the crafty fox. His pack was generally admired for being as well disciplined as any hounds in the kingdom; but the Squire growing in years, and a little infirm, was forced to give way to the tyranny of time, and on the death of Lady Boghurst he relinquished the charms of the chase, attaching himself at the age of eighty, to three things, the most pleasing to solace old age—his friend, his bottle, and his old hunter. Like a good old sportsman, whose spirits revive at the crack of the whip, and the sound of the horn, the Squire was fond of recounting the joys of his youth when the quickset hedge and the five barred gate were no obstructions to his pursuits. To indulge in this pleasure he became president of a sporting club at the White Hart Tavern, in the city of Rochester where, once a week, he was never known to fail attending. There he found the circle that approximated to his fancy, and he was wont to stay with his friends till a very late hour. Sometimes the Squire had the sun to light him home to Frinsbury. At the time of starting, Old Trusty was brought to the door of the tavern, and his master being placed by the waiters on the horse's back, Old Trusty was left unguided to pursue his way. One morning early, one of the arches of Rochester bridge gave way, and left a most frightful chasm, impassable to any thing that had not wings. To assist the foot passengers, a nine inch deal had been placed over the gap, and at each extremity a guide, with a lantern to warn the stage drivers of the danger, and all such as might approach. It was in the depth of winter, and the morning particularly dark, and a slip of the foot might plunge the unwary into a gulph little inferior to the deepest fall of the tide at London bridge. The news of this disaster did not reach the White Hart Tavern till after daylight, when the landlord and family were dreadfully perplexed for the fate of the Squire and poor Trusty, for they were possessed with the belief that the friendly pair must have been swallowed up in the vortex below. Paternoster, the waiter, was despatched with all possible speed to Frinsbury to learn their fate. On his arrival at Boghurst House, the Squire was made acquainted with the arrival of the waiter. "Send him up," was the reply. When the messenger entered the Squire's chamber, having told his tale of the fall of the arch, and all the miserable apprehensions of Heath and his family for their old friend, the waiter imprudently blundered out, to give weight to his narrative, that the Squire was far gone in liquor when they set him on his horse. "Well, Pater," said Boghurst, "give my respects to the good family, and tell them, that though I was drunk, my old Trusty was sober, and as you see, he delivered me at home in safety."

SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE.—As Mr. A. Metcalf, keeper to Lord Lowther, in Ravenstonedale, was ranging the fields with a gun, he observed a hawk hovering near him, and, while preparing to give it a shot, a field-fare flew in terror against his breast, and then perched on his shoulder; he fired at the hawk with the first barrel, (while the field-fare sat still,) but missed: the hawk, intent upon his prey, disregarded his shot; with the second barrel he brought the bird down. The field fare left his shoulder, and fluttered for a short time round its fallen and dead enemy, uttering a chirp of joy, and then winged away from its friend and unexpected protector.—*Westmoreland Gazette.*

A Card—Exchange.

☞Editors with whom we exchange will oblige us by inserting the following Card in their papers a few weeks. Country Editors can have *Foreign Newspapers* sent them gratis from this Office, by expressing their wish, in addition to our own, by publishing the following programme.

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AND
LIFE IN NEW-YORK,
A SPORTING PAPER,
ON THE PLAN OF
"BELL'S LIFE IN LONDON,"

The only similar Publication in the U. States;

Devoted to The TURF, The RING, The ANGLER, The HUNTER;—Foreign and Domestic News, Literature, Fashion, Taste, The Drama, Police Reports, and Scenes of Real Life.

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Address, (post-paid or left in the Post-Office,)
WILLIAM T. PORTER & CO.
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NOTICE.

ROBERT S. CASSAT & BENJAMIN HUTCHISON have associated themselves together, under the firm of *CASSAT & HUTCHISON*, for the purpose of transacting a general

Commission & Forwarding Business,

in this city.—They have taken the warehouse No. 8, Market, a few doors from Water street, recently occupied by Messrs. James Adams, jr. & Co. where they have now on hand and intend constantly to keep, a complete assortment of

Groceries,

together with all kinds of PITTSBURGH MANUFACTURED ARTICLES, which they offer for sale on the most liberal terms.

Pittsburgh, Jan. 6, 1832.

Commission and Exchange OFFICE,
130 BROADWAY.

S. J. SYLVESTER continues to discount Notes on all the Banks throughout the United States, the Canadas, England and Ireland. He purchases and sells Bank of England Notes, as also Gold and Silver of all kinds. Notes, Drafts, &c., payable in any port of the States or Europe, collected on most reasonable terms. Commission business in all its branches, by
S. J. SYLVESTER.

New Book Establishment.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs the Western Merchants, that he has recently opened a Book Store on an extensive plan, in the city of Pittsburg, Pa. and has made such arrangements as will enable him to sell at the lowest New-York cash prices, and 25 per cent. cheaper than any house in the Western country—Eastern *writing paper* and *Playing cards* in every variety.

☞Rags in quantities taken in Exchange at the highest market price.

Orders directed to S. J. Sylvester Pittsburg Pa. will meet prompt attention.
S. J. SYLVESTER, N. Y.

N. B. All the FOREIGN and AMERICAN Periodicals can obtained at the Pittsburgh Store.

TO PRINTERS & PUBLISHERS.

THE subscriber, TYPE AND STEREOTYPE FOUNDER, respectfully informs the TRADE, that he is stereotyping the following valuable works, specimen pages of which will shortly be forwarded to them, with the prices of the stereotype plates affixed to each, and also the price of the copy-right of the Treasury of Knowledge.

The Treasury of Knowledge and Library of Reference, (on the plan of Maunder's Treasury of Knowledge,) containing—

A Comprehensive English Grammer, prepared for this work by Goold Brown, author of institutes of English Grammar, &c.

An English Dictionary, to which are prefixed English Verbal Distinctions, classed and illustrated by Lyman Cobb author of the Spelling Book, School Dictionary, and Juvenile Reader.

A New Universal Gazetteer, derived from the latest authorities, with Population and other tables prepared by Edwin Williams, author of the New York Annual Register.

A Comprehensive Classical Dictionary, followed by proper Scripture Names, accented.

A Chronological Analysis of General History; A Dictionary of Law Terms, and various useful Addenda—by a gentleman of the New York Bar, Graduate of Columbia College.

Bagster's comprehensive Bible, (on a new type cut expressly for this work) containing the Old and New Testaments, according to the authorised version, with the various readings and marginal notes usually printed therewith. A general introduction, containing disquisitions on the genuineness, authenticity, and inspiration of The Holy Scriptures—various divisions and marks of distinctions in the Sacred Writings, ancient version, coins, weights and measures, various sects among the Jews; Introduction and concluding remarks to each book. The parallel passages contained in Rev. T. Scott's commentary 6 vols; Cann's Bible; Rev. J. Brown's self interpreting Bible, 2 vols; Dr. Adam Clark's Commentary, 7 vols; and the English version of Bagster's Polyglott Bible, systematically arranged in historical order; an analysis and compendium of the Holy Scriptures; a chronological Index, interspersed with synchronisms of the most important epochs and events in Profane History; an Index of the subjects contained in the Old and New Testaments; an Index to the Notes, Introductions, and concluding Remarks. 1 vol quarto.

The Dramatic Works of William Shakspeare, (miniature edition,) 1 vol. 18 or 24mo. printed from the text of the corrected copies of Stephens and Mahlon, with a Life of the Poet, by Charles Symmons, D. D. and a Glossary on pearl type.
JAMES CONNER, Franklin Buildings, corner of Ann and Nassau sts. New York.

Bignall's Prize Office,
144 Broadway.

☞All Foreign or New-York prizes cashed at BIGNALL'S Prize Office, 144 Broadway; where tickets in all licensed Lotteries are for sale, on the most accommodating terms.

Orders from the country or elsewhere, enclosing the cash or prize tickets, will always meet with prompt attention, if addressed to D. BIGNALL.

To Printers and Publishers.

THE subscriber's expectations having been more than realized in the sale of his LIGHT FACE PRINTING TYPE, he takes this opportunity of returning thanks for the favours received. He hopes, by the exertions made and now making to bring out new articles, which may be depended upon for service, as well as in Stereotyping as Printing, that his Typographical Brethren, and Publishers, will find it beneficial to them selves to continue their patronage.

A new and complete series of All sizes, from Agate to English, NEW STYLE, a rather stouter than any heretofore made in this country, are now in a state of forwardness; Agate, Minion, Brevier, and Long Primer, are complete, impressions of which can be seen on application; this style of type is more particularly calculated for Newspaper Printing.

The demand for the subscriber's Type, and Stereotype, has been so extensive, that he has been induced to enlarge his establishment by an additional building—so that he is now prepared to execute the most extensive orders in either line, with much greater facility than heretofore; and on as favourable terms, as to credit, &c. as are offered at similar establishments.

Type which has only been used in stereotyping, most generally on hand, and can be furnished on short notice at a reasonable rate to those who may prefer it.

Every article made use of in the Printing line, furnished to order, at manufacturer's prices.
JAMES CONNER.
Franklin Buildings, corner of Nassau & Anne

S.J.Sylvester, 130 Broadway.

KNOWN as the ever and always lucky, would remind his friends and the public at large, that he is regularly licensed by the several states in which he has offices, to vend authorized lottery tickets, all of which are the original—those persons purchasing of him, will be protected from fraud or imposition.

The general satisfaction *Sylvester* has hitherto given, and the liberal patronage he has received from all parts of the Union will but stimulate him in his exertions to meet the wishes of his friends, and if attention, punctuality, dispatch, and the strictest honor, will insure him the continuance of their favors, he feels confident of obliging them and he proudly refers to the past as a guarantee for the future. All those who are not already acquainted with Sylvester, can refer to the very first houses in every section of the country, also to the respectable managers, Messrs Yates & Mclntyre.

In another advertisement it will be seen that S. J. S. attends as usual to the exchange and commission business; letters will meet with the same attention as on personal application. Those who remit funds, without naming any particular class, will have tickets in the first good scheme.

☞Orders must be addressed in all cases to
S. J. SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway, N. York, Pittsburgh, Pa., Baltimore, Md., Paterson, N. J.

N. B. To save postage, those that request a certificate of the tickets will be sent and the same will be lodged in the Bank subject to the order of the purchaser. This mode of late has met with much success.

TO PRINTERS.

A. PELL & BROTHER,
LATE WM. HAGAR & CO.,

HAVE removed their Type and Stereotype Foundry to No. 26 Gold street, corner of John street, New-York, and having greatly enlarged their premises, are prepared to execute orders with great despatch. All articles required by Printers furnished to order at the manufacturer's prices; Chases, Composing Sticks, Cases, &c. constantly on hand.

They have complete series of Fonts, from Pica to Diamond, of a light face and beautiful cut, which they offer with great confidence, as being very superior articles. The following are their prices (uniform with other Foundries) at 6 months credit or 7 1-2 per cent discount for cash:

	Per lb.
Six Line Pica, and all larger,	28 cts
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Double English to Double Paragon,	32
Great Primer to Double Pica,	34
English and Pica,	36
Long Primer,	40
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Minion,	70
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Agate,	1.16
Pearl,	1.50
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All other articles of the Type Foundry in proportion.

☞A PELL & BROTHER, [illegible] book and newspaper fonts of a metal much harder than that commonly in use, and which they will warrant much more durable.

A. P. & B. are Agents for the sale of the "Smith's Press," manufactured by R. Hoe & Co. and for the "Washington Press," invented by Rust.

The following are the prices at 6 months credit:

Medium or Royal, $250, Super Royal, $250, Imperial, $250, do No. 2, $260, No. 3, $275.

New-York, Jan. 20th, 1832.

DENTIST

Dr. S. BAKER & SONS,

SURGEON DENTISTS, 177 Broadway, a few doors from Courtlandt St. New-York, respectfully inform the Ladies and Gentlemen, that he continues to practice in all the various branches of his profession from the setting of a single tooth to a full set of the best kind of teeth of every description. He also cleans, divides and fills hollow teeth and extracts in the best and most careful manner. All teeth shall be set with the greatest care and ease to the patient, and his charges shall be moderate. He also makes and has on hand the best of TOOTH POWDER at a reasonable price; and if it do not suit, after a person has tried it once with warm water at night, they are at liberty to return it, and receive their money. For a dentist to advise people respecting their teeth is very difficult; for many directly think that he advises for his own good, and not for the good of their teeth; and in this way, and by neglect of parents, thousands of young people's teeth begin to rot before they know it.

We shall be happy to wait upon those ladies and gentlemen who desire our attendance at their respective dwellings.

New York, February 4, 1832.

Notice to Printers.

TIME and extensive use having tested and established the superiority of my Machine Cast Type, over that cast by hand, I beg leave to call your attention to the following remarks—

By the aid of a forcing pump, applied at the instant of forming the letter, the metal is compressed and rendered much more compact at the *letter end* of the type than when cast by hand. The air in the mould, by this process, is driven from the letter to the foot end of the type, and finding no way of escape, the mouth being closed, it there occupies a portion of the space in the mould, which otherwise would (as in hand casting) be filled with metal; thereby forming cavities within the stems, by which the weight of the type is diminished 10 to 12 per cent. below that cast by hand, yet leaving the shank of the type abundantly strong. My recent improvement in the composition of type metal, with the advantages before named, gives a durability to type cast by this process, not attainable by the ordinary mode of casting. To my former extensive variety, has recently been added a series of much admired *Light Face'd Type.*

Your orders are respectfully solicited, by
Your obedient servant, E. WHITE,
m 21. No. 108 Pearl Street.

DENTIST

Dr. I. Francis,

SURGEON DENTIST, 93 Chatham street, between Duane and Pearl streets, New-York, respectfully informs the Ladies and Gentlemen, that he continues to practice in all the various branches of his profession, from the setting of a single tooth to a full set. He cleans, divides, and fills hollow teeth in the neatest manner; and warrants his *Antiscorbutic Wash*, as completely efficacious in curing the diseases of the gums, fastening loose teeth, preserving those that are carious from further decay; and is a certain cure for the tooth ache. His *Teri Metallic Incorruptible Teeth* are a real imitation of nature; and having passed the ordeal of fire in making them, they do not absorb the salva so as to become offensive either to the taste or smell; no particle of food can adhere to them, so the breath remains sweet. The incorruptible teeth retain color, solidity, durability, polish, strength and beauty not surpassed by any. He also sets *Artificial Human Eyes* which cannot be distinguished from real, and will perform every motion of the eye, without giving the slightest pain. Those wishing to honor him with their commands, will find his charges moderate. The poor attended to every morning, from 7 to 8 o'clock, gratis. dec24 1

TEMPERANCE HOUSE OF REFRESHMENTS, AND READING ROOM.

THE subscriber returns his sincere thanks for the encouragement he has met with, since his commencement. He now informs his friends and the public generally, that he has taken and neatly fitted up the whole of the basement story in the FRANKLIN BUILDINGS, *corner of Ann and Nassau streets*, in a manner which enables him to accommodate any number, and hopes by his endeavors to give satisfaction to merit a continuance of their patronage. Refreshments of all kinds excepting inebriating liquors from sun-rise to 10 o'clock in the evening.
H. PATTINSON.

N. B. Most of the city papers are received and kept on file. m. 10, 1831

BRUCE'S NEW-YORK TYPE FOUNDRY,

ESTABLISHED in 1813.—The subscriber has completed a new edition of his book of Specimens, with which his customers, and other printers disposed to buy from him, may be supplied on application at his Foundry, Nos. 18 and 20 Augustus street, behind the City Hall. He would remark, for the information of those who have not been in the habit of dealing with him, and because a different practice has been extensively introduced, that his book contains nothing but the actual productions of his own Foundry, and presents a true specimen of what will be furnished to orders. The assortment is very complete, has been deliberately and carefully in twenty years brought to its present high state of perfection, and embraces a variety of styles adapted to different tastes and to the various departments of printing, Newspaper, Book, and Job, highly finished, and cast of the most serviceable metal. Not to notice the varieties which are distinguished by their numbers in the Book, it contains of

ROMAN and ITALICK, 27 sizes from 12 line Pica to Pearl.
TWO-LINE and TITLE 15 sizes, Two-line Columbian to Agate.
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ITALIAN, 7 sizes, Seven-line Pica to Long Primer.
ANTIQUE, 17 sizes, Ten-line Pica to Nonpareil.
BLACK, 12 sizes, Four-line Pica to Minion.
OPEN BLACK, 5 sizes, Four-line Pica to Great Primer.
SCRIPT, 2 sizes, Double Small Pica and Great Primer.

Besides Musick, Back Slope, Ornamental Letters and Lottery Figures, Pica Fractions, Superiours, Astronomical and other Signs, Space Rules, Brass Rules, Ornamental Dashes, Long Braces, more than 200 kinds of Flowers, and 1000 Cuts and Ornaments for School Books, Newspapers, and Scientifick works.

Orders for any of these, and also for Presses, Chases, Composing Sticks, Cases, Furniture, Printing Ink, or any thing required in the Printing business, will be executed on the most favourable terms, and with the utmost promptitude, a large stock of the Foundry articles being always on hand.
GEORGE BRUCE.

New-York, Jan 28, 1832.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES AND LIFE IN NEW-YORK,
IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,
BY WILLIAM T. PORTER & CO.,
CHATHAM-SQUARE,
CORNER OF MOTT ST., OVER THE DAILY SENTINEL.

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At the expiration of the year,	5.00
QUARTERLY in advance, per quarter,	1.00

No Subscriptions received for less than six months. All Orders and Advertisements for this paper, must be accompanied with Cash or a city Reference—postage paid. Gentlemen procuring five subscribers, will be furnished with the paper gratis, or retain a commission of 15 per cent.

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A Sporting Paper; devoted to the Turf, the Ring,

BY WILLIAM T. PORTER & CO.
OFFICE, CHATHAM-SQUARE, CORNER OF MOTT-STREET.

NEW-YORK.

Saturday Morning, April 21, 1832.

GAME LAWS OF NEW-YORK.

OF THE PRESERVATION OF DEER AND CERTAIN GAME AND ANIMALS. 1. No person shall kill any wild buck, doe, or fawn, at any time during the months of January, February, March, April, May, June, or July.

2. Every person who shall expose to sale any green deer skin, or fresh venison, or who shall have the same in his custody, at any time during the months aforesaid, shall be deemed to have violated the first section of this title, unless he prove that the buck, doe, or fawn, of which such green skin or venison was a part, was killed by some other person.

3. Whenever any complaint shall be made to a justice of the peace, that a violation of the first section of this title has been committed, and that any green deer skin, or deer's flesh is concealed he shall inquire into the matter, and if satisfied by competent testimony that there is reasonable cause of suspicion to justify such complaint, he shall issue his warrant to any constable of the town, authorizing a search in the day time, of any house, store, out-house, or other place, where such skin, or flesh is suspected to be concealed, and search shall be made accordingly.

4. Whoever shall violate the first section of this title, or shall conceal any green deer skin, or fresh venison, shall forfeit $12 50.

5. No person shall at any time hunt, pursue, or destroy any wild buck, doe, or fawn, with any bloodhound or beagle; and whoever shall offend herein, shall forfeit $12 50.

6. No person shall set any trap, or any spear made of iron, or other metal, or any sharp stick, either in or out of a pit, for the purpose of catching deer, nor shall any person watch in the night time for the shooting deer, within thirty rods of any highway. Whoever offends against either of these provisions, shall forfeit twenty-five dollars.

6. No person shall kill any heath hens, within the county of Queens, between the first day of January, and the first Wednesday in October; nor in the county of Suffolk, between the first day of January and the second Wednesday in September; nor shall any person kill any quail, or partridges, in the counties of Queens, Kings, Suffolk, and New-York, between the fifth day of January and the twenty-fifth day of September; nor in the county of Albany, between the first day of March and first day of October; nor shall any person kill any woodcock, in any of the counties above named, between the first day of February and the first day of July, nor shall any person kill any Pheasants in the county of Albany between the 1st day of March and the 1st day of October.

8. Whoever shall offend against the provisions of the last section, by killing any heath hen, shall forfeit twenty-five dollars; by killing any partridge, one dollar; and by killing any quail, woodcock, or pheasant, fifty cents.

9. Any person who shall expose to sale any heath hen, woodcock, quail, partridge, or pheasant, in either of the said counties respectively, or shall have any of the said game in his possession in either of the said counties, during the time when the killing of such game is forbidden by law, shall be deemed guilty of killing the same game, within the time prohibited.

10. No person shall kill any muskrat at any other place than along the line of some canal or artificial dam, or embankment, between the first day of May and the first day of November, in any year; whoever offends against this provision shall forfeit one dollar for every muskrat killed.

11. The penalties prescribed in this title, shall be sued for, and recovered by and in the name of the overseers of the town where the offence was committed, in an action within three months after the commission of the offence, and shall be applied for the use of the poor.—*Revised Statutes*, p. 701.

The following, from a late London Courier, is a specimen of the matrimonial advertisements, seriously intended, which are common in London newspapers:—

MATRIMONY.—A gentleman whose rank and unblemished character permits him to address any lady desirous of an affectionate husband, and who will make it his constant study to render her completely happy, is desirous of *marriage*. His own fortune is ample to maintain his style of life in the circles he moves in, yet he is anxious to meet with a lady of highly cultivated mind, sincerity, and good humor, who also has fortune and connexions to add to his own influence and ability to elevate a prospective family. He will introduce his beloved wife into the higher circles of polished society. The fair sex will pardon this public mode of introduction, for which the thinking part are fully aware very sufficient reasons can be assigned. As he is sincere, he trusts no imposition will be attempted. Communications are sure to come to hand, directed, in the first instance, to R. S. T. U., post office, London. Honor and secrecy are requested and pledged. The particular attention of the fair sex are requested, this being no common application. Letters to be post paid, if practicable.

THE SPARROW PROTECTED.—M. Hecart, of Valenciennes, procured the kitten of a wild cat which he so effectually tamed, that she became the friend and protector of a domesticated sparrow. M. Hecart always allowed the sparrow to fly about at perfect liberty. One day a cat belonging to a neighboring house, had seized upon this sparrow, and was making off with it; but this wild cat, observing her at the very moment, flew at puss, and made her quit the bird, which she brought bleeding and half dead to her master. She seemed, from her manner, really to sympathise very sincerely with the situation of the poor sparrow, and rejoiced when it recovered from the injury, and was again able to amuse itself with this wild grimalkin.

"LIONS OF MYSORE."—The Liverpool Chronicle contains the following advertisement of the Play on the evening of the 15th Feb. We have copied it, thinking it might amuse some of our laughter loving friends, and as a specimen of play bill writing, the other side of the Atlantic.

HYDER THE TERRIBLE; *Or, the Scamble Lions of Mysore.*—Mr H. Beverly, ever anxious to gratify the Public, has produced the above *Splendid Melo-drama*, at NO EXPENSE at all, in order to exhibit the Evolutions of those *Extraordinary Animals of the Forest*, but not being able to procure them he has great pleasure in informing his Friends that he has prevailed on the Ladies and Gentlemen of the Establishment to make *Beasts of themselves for one night only!*

The DRESSES will be the best the house can produce—chiefly made of cotton and manufactured at Manchester.

The SCENERY—painted by numerous Artists—but as some have been number of years in the House, it would be impossible to find out the names of the Artist.

The MUSIC will be selected from the most Terrific Melo-Dramas.

An astonishing number of Supernumeraries are engaged, and that nothing may be wanting to add to the Procession, an IMMENSE WHITE HORSE has been engaged, and will be richly caparisoned with all "The Pride, Pomp, and Circumstance of *Glorious War*."

CHARACTERS IN THE BURLESQUE.

Hyder (the Terrible) Mr. CARR. Sadlassing Mr. RAE. William Foddle, Mr. REDFORD.

BEASTS.

The Lion, Mr H. BEVERLY; in which he will introduce a Parody on the Wolf. The Lama, Mr. HAMILTON—the Monkey, Mr. GRAYSON—the Tiger, Mrs. HAMMOND—the Boa Constrictor, Mr. ENGLAND. *The rest of the Beasts by the Ladies and Gentlemen of the Establishment.*

TOM BLANCHARD IN HAMLET.—This celebrated comedian, being once engaged with a strolling company, for the benefit of one of whose members, on a particular night, he had consented with great good humor to perform *Guildenstern* with the *Grave-digger*. In the scene where Hamlet calls for the Recorders, Blanchard who could not long refrain from some sort of drollery, instead of the flute, came forward furnished with a bassoon. The actor who played Hamlet, exceedingly discomposed at this sight, was some time before he could arrange his muscles with sufficient gravity. At length, recovering himself he thus went on with the scene:—

"Will you play upon this pipe?"
"My lord, I cannot."
"I pray you?"
"Believe me, I cannot."
"I do beseech you."

"Well, my lord, since you are so very pressing, I'll do my best,"—and immediately Tom, who was a good musician, struck up, with much spirit, "*Lady Coventry's Minuet*," and went through the whole strain, which he finished—the scene, for Hamlet had not another word to say for himself.

SUBSTITUTE INTELLIGENCE.—The acting Governor of Michigan has been bound over to keep the peace for cow hiding an Editor!

EXTRACTS FROM A MODERN DICTIONARY.

Confidential letters.—Letters intended for publication.

Modern literature.—Fragments of the feasts of the old writers served up in new dishes.

Constable.—A species of snapping turtle.

Modesty.—A beautiful flower that flourishes only in secret places.

A young man of talent.—An impertinent scoundrel who thrusts himself forward; a person without modesty; a noisy fellow.

Lawyer.—A learned gentleman, who rescues your estate from your enemy and keeps it himself.

Murder.—An expression used by one hill wife at the commencement of a quarrel.

Watchman.—A man employed by the corporation to sleep in the open air.

Dentist.—A person who finds work for his own teeth by taking out those of other people.

A militia-officer perambulating his district, to take a list of such of the inhabitants as were liable to be enrolled, saw an old *coach-maker* at work, and thus addressed him: "Pray, honest friend, how old are you?"—"Not old enough (answered he) to be chosen a militia man; I'm a mere infant; don't you observe I am *cutting my teeth?*"

ELECTION ANECDOTE.—At an election some years since, a wealthy ship-owner, in a flourishing seaport town in Massachusetts, accosted a respectable mechanic, and asked him to which candidate he should give his vote! The man replied, "I shall vote for Elbridge Gerry." "Then," said the other, "I'll be d——d if you shall have any more work from me." The mechanic being of an independent spirit in easy circumstances, and not caring to barter his principles for a job, coolly enquired of the ship-owner, to whom he should give his vote? "To his excellency Christopher Gore," was the reply. "Then," said the mechanic, "I'll be d——d if I do any more work for you."

Hugo Arnot, sitting at his window in a violent fit of asthma, heard a man in a stentorian voice crying oysters. "Alas," said he, "that extravagant fellow wastes more breath, in one bawl, than would serve me a week."

Hugo's complaint must have been genuine, or else he loved oysters, but could not raise the nine-pence.—*Transcript.*

The young ladies of the village of North Adams in Mass. have formed themselves into a temperance society, agreeing to *abstain entirely from drinking ardent spirits.*

Garrick once asked Rich, the manager of the theatre, how much he thought Covent Garden would hold. "I could tell you to a shilling," replied the manager, "if you would play Richard in it."

"Your sword is very troublesome," said a man very surlily to a young Irish officer in a crowd. "All my enemies are of the same opinion," replied the son of Mars.

A Scotchman giving evidence at the bar of the House of Lords in the affair of Captain Porteous, and telling of the variety of shots which were fired upon that unhappy occasion was asked by the Duke of Newcastle what kind of shot it was? "Why," said the man in his broad dialect, "such as they shoot *fools* (fowls) with, and the like." "What kind of fools?" said the duke, smiling at the word. "Why, my lord, dukes, (ducks) and sic kind o' fools."

Dean Swift says, "It is with narrow souled people as it is with narrow necked bottles; the less they have in them, the more noise they make in pouring it out."